



Volume VIII  
Number III

# CHILD LIFE

*The Children's Own Magazine*

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## BOB AND BETTY IN IRELAND

"OH, BOB, we must be in CRAYOLA-land! Did you ever see such green, green grass, or such bright blue skies? Where are we?" said Betty, wide-eyed with wonder.

"We must be in Ireland, Betty... see the shamrocks growing all around!"

"Top o'the morning, little lad and lassie! Welcome to Erin's sunny isle. We're gathering shamrocks this pleasant morning, will you join us?" And Bob and Betty saw two little Irish girls and a boy standing behind them.

"Oh, thank you, thank you!" cried Betty, dropping a pretty little courtesy. And "We'd love to, we've never seen real shamrocks growing!" said Bob.

The Irish children were amazed. "Never saw real shamrocks? What do you do on St. Patrick's day?"

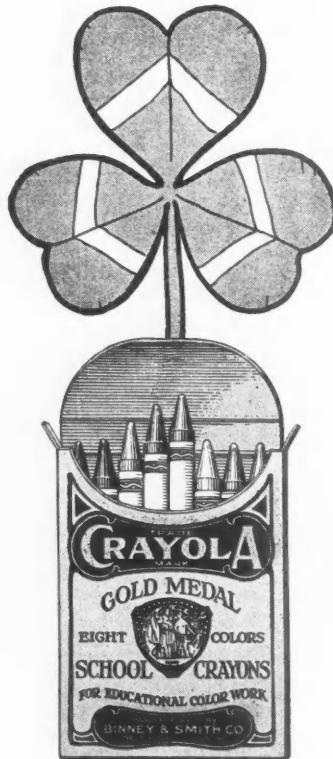
"We draw shamrocks with our CRAYOLA Wax Crayons on white paper. It's fun, you know... and we make little green harps, too, for our greeting cards."

"What fun!" The Irish children were interested. "Do you suppose we could do it too...as you do?"

"Yes, indeed. All you need is a box of CRAYOLA and some sheets of white paper."

And here is the shamrock Betty drew... outlined in black CRAYOLA, and colored a bright CRAYOLA green, with gold stripes. Use it as a pattern for your greeting cards.

You can buy CRAYOLA Wax Crayons at stationery stores, department stores, art supply stores and at many drug and chain stores. Be sure it says "CRAYOLA" on the box.



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## BIRD LIFE

I SAW my first robin to-day  
As he swung on a barberry spray;  
The wind blew his swing  
But he started to sing  
A song that was ever so gay.

When the wind blew him out of his swing  
His mate brought two pieces of string  
To build them a nest  
Where their babies could rest;  
And soon the whole family will sing.

*Rose Malds editor*



HAZEL FRAZEE



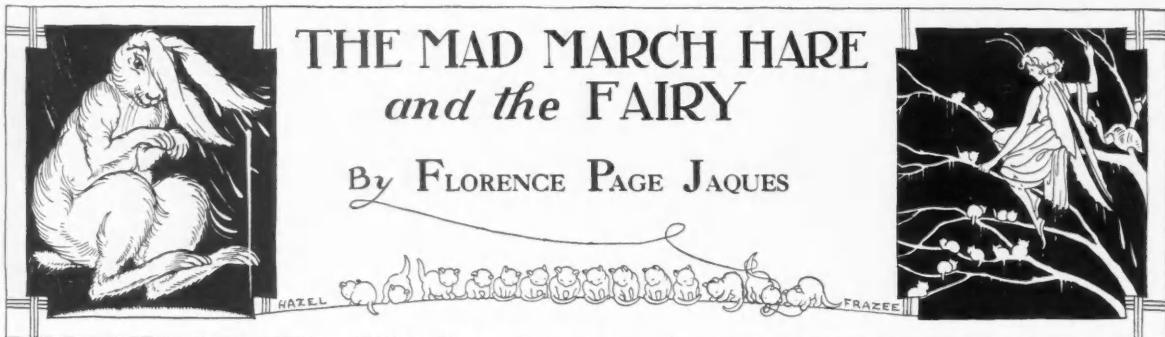
## MARCH WIND

MILDRED PLEW MERRYMAN

HAT in his hand and his coat tails a-flying,  
Over the meadows the March wind comes  
hieing,  
Beating at windows a wild tattoo,  
Calling,  
Yoo-hoo!  
Yoo-hoo!  
Yoo-hoo!

Out of his pockets like wee, fairy pillows  
Peep hundreds and hundreds of gray pussy willows,  
As on he comes roaring at chimney and flue,  
Calling,  
Yoo-hoo!  
Yoo-hoo!  
Yoo-hoo!

His cheeks are like apples, his hair is in ringlets,  
And pinned to his coat tails are two little winglets  
That flip with a flap as he gallops the blue,  
Calling,  
Yoo-hoo!  
Yoo-hoo!  
Yoo-hoo!



IT WAS a March day and a wild and windy one. Days are often wild and windy in March, but this was the very wildest. The wind blew seven different ways, and the rain rained and rained and rained. And the Mad March Hare hopped gayly up and down on the brown hillsides like an enormous grasshopper. The wind blew his long ears down across his eyes and the rain flattened his fur, but he didn't care. He liked a March day, and he hopped away without a stop.

A small and mischievous fairy sat on a willow branch and watched him and laughed.

"That Mad March Hare is a funny thing," she said to the pussy willows all around her. "Come out and watch him."

So the pussy willows, who had been asleep, as they usually are, untucked their heads and their tails and their paws, and sat up on the willow twigs to see. They were all cunning tiny silver gray kittens, each one as big as your thumb! All along the branches they sat, the darling little baby cats, with their tiny tails curled around their tiny feet, looking at the Mad March Hare. And still the rain rained and the wind blew and nobody cared at all.

Then three brown mice came by the place where the March Hare was hopping. They were very little and wet, and the pussy willows and the fairy had to listen carefully to hear what they said to the Mad March Hare, because the rain splattered so loudly.

"Have you seen our mother?" they said. They sounded rather frightened.

"Why, I don't know," said the March Hare. "I never notice mice!"

"Oh!" said the three little mice, quite crushed by his haughtiness. He wasn't really haughty; he simply felt like teasing, and he didn't see that the little

mice were scared. He went on hopping and having a good time, and the three mice went away through the brown grass.

"Well," said the fairy indignantly, "he wasn't very kind to them!"

Then in another minute the mother mouse came along the same path, crying.

"Please, sir," she said to the March Hare, "I've lost three children. Have you seen them?"

"It's very strange to me," said the March Hare, who still felt like teasing, and was a little annoyed at being interrupted in his hopping again, "that people can't look after their children."

"But they ran away before I knew it," said the mouse.

"You shouldn't let them run away," said the Mad March Hare, in a maddening voice. And he began to hop, higher and higher.

"Oh dear!" said the mouse. "Won't you help me find them?"

"I'm much too busy. But you might look down that way," said the Mad March Hare carelessly, pointing down the path the little mice had taken.

So the mother mouse went down the path. "But I won't know which turn to take," she murmured in a worried voice. However, when she got around the corner, the fairy flew over and led her to her children, who were huddled under a bush and were very glad to see their mother again.

"So *they're* all right," the small fairy said when she came back to the pussy willows. "But that Mad March Hare is too cocky. Let's play a trick on him. I'll tell you what we'll do." And she whispered to the pussy willows.

She changed herself into a little old lady, with an alpaca dress and a white apron and a little white bonnet and a pair of bright blue eyes. She





"Do you think you can?" said the little old lady. "Of course, I can," said the March Hare, hopping briskly.

"You won't let them run away, will you?" said the little old lady anxiously.

"Let them run away?" said the March Hare, laughing scornfully. "Who ever heard of pussy willows running away?"

"Well, I leave them to you" said the little old lady, "and if anything *does* happen, it will be the worse for you! Very *much* the worse for you," she said, looking at him with her bright blue eyes. "If you lose my pussy willows, *you'll be sorry!*" And with that—bing!—she vanished with a bang, just like a firecracker.

"My goodness!" said the March Hare, looking a little worried. "She must have been a witch! But I don't care. I can take care of anything!"

The March Hare went over and walked around the pussy willows. They were such little bits of things that he felt like a giant. "That little old lady asked me if I thought I could look after them! Ho!" he said, and started away, through the wind and rain to his hill.

Just then a pussy willow fell off its twig. The March Hare picked it up and put it back again. Then another pussy fell off. So the March Hare picked it up and put it back. And then another fell off!

Well, to be exact, forty-four pussy willows fell off, one after another, and blew away, and the March Hare picked each one up and put it back, until he felt quite cross and his back ached. But at last they stopped falling, and he went over to his hill to hop again.

After a while he looked back at the willows. There wasn't a pussy willow in sight.

"What!" he said, blinking his eyes. "It must be raining too hard for me to see them."

He ran over, but no, there wasn't a single pussy

went down along the brook, and over to where the March Hare still danced on the hillside.

"Will you take care of my pussy willows for me while I go to market?" she said.

"Of course," said the Mad March Hare.

willow on any branch. He looked wildly all around and saw them all going up the hill in a line, like ants.

"Hi, hi!" he called, hurrying after them. He hopped and hopped and at last he herded them back on their willow twigs. And they grinned little grins at him, and then tucked their heads down and went to sleep like good little cats.

The March Hare went to his hill, and hopped rather lazily. Then he yawned and looked back at the pussy willows again. They were all gone!

They were running away down hill this time. So they had run quite far; and besides they had scattered all through the grass. But the March Hare hopped and hopped, wishing hard that he had never heard of pussy willows, and after a long time he had them all back in their places. Then they went to sleep; but first they giggled.



The March Hare went very slowly across to his hill, and there, instead of hopping, he sat down by a stone. His ears drooped down to his feet and he nodded sleepily. Then he looked back, and—those pussy willows were gone again!

Then he was a Mad March Hare! He stamped his feet and he hopped with rage and he ran down to the willows.

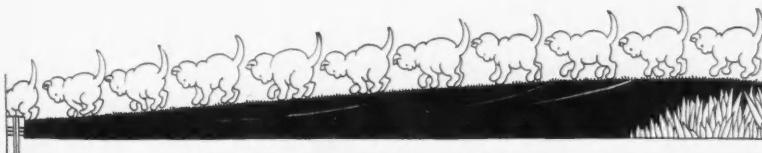
He looked up the hill and down the hill and there wasn't a pussy willow in sight! "Where have they gone?" he said in a fright. "And what will that little old lady do if I've lost them?"

He looked north and east and south and west, and up and down, and along the brook. And there he saw them, *in* the brook! They had gone in swimming!

"Come out! Come out!" the Mad March Hare called, marching along the brookside and waving his ears. "Come out this minute!"

But the pussy willows only laughed. They were having a

[Continued on page 131]

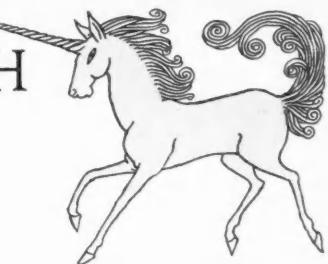




## THE UNICORN WITH SILVER SHOES

By ELLA YOUNG

*Author of "Celtic Wonder Tales," "The Wonder-Smith and his Son," etc.*



**B**AHLOR'S SON was thinking hard, a deep line showed between his eyebrows, his nose was screwed to a point of attention, and with both hands he clutched the straight locks that fell on either side of his face, as if to hold his head on the anchorage of his shoulders. With the stress of thinking the hair on the top of his head rose in a point.

"I won't bear it any longer," he said out loud. "I'll run away."

He got to his feet and stamped resolutely.

"Yes," he said, "I'll run away, that's what I'll do."

"Did you call, Illustrious One?" said the First Lord-in-Waiting, entering the room.

"No," said Bahlor's Son, "I did not call. I don't want to see you, or the Second Lord-in-Waiting either, but since you can't keep to yourself you may as well tell me what I would do all day long if I were not King Bahlor's only son. What would happen if I were the son of the Keeper of the Kyelins with Tufted Ears?"

"You would learn to do something useful," said the First Lord-in-Waiting. "You would have to work for your living. You would have to think twice before you spoke once."

"I was thinking once," said the prince, "when you interrupted me. I am going into the garden now to think twice without interruption. Don't come near me till I send for you, or till it is time for me to look at the Parade of Green Dragons."

He held his head up and walked as he had seen his father walk when he told his Councilors that they were fools, and he walked in that fashion down the marble steps from his balcony and down the flagged path in the garden till he came to the blank wall that shut the sky out at the end of Bahlor's pleasure.

Bahlor's Son struck his hands together and cried, "Come, Flame of Joy, Come, come, playfellow mine."

When he had said this in a loud voice, he said it over again very softly, then he shut his eyes tight and said it a third time. When he opened his eyes he was beyond the wall. He was under the boughs of the pomegranate tree. Close to him was a lad about his own age, a slender youth in a gold tunic.

"Flame of Joy," said Bahlor's Son, "I mean to earn my living in the Land of the Ever-Young, and I want you to give me some Good Advice."

"We had better ask Angus for Good Advice," said Flame of Joy. "Come, let us find him."

They went through the Wood of Pomegranates and then through the

Wood of the Silver Oaks till they came to the Wood of Apple Trees, and there under a blossomed tree they saw Angus the Ever-Young. He was sitting with his back against the tree and he was as bright to look at as a garden of flowers, for he had a robe embroidered in every color and his hair was wound about a gold disc on either side of his head. He had a small stringed instrument of music in his hands and was drawing a sound now and again from it. The Pooka sat at a little distance, regarding him gravely. To-day the Pooka, who could take

any shape, had made himself look like a white cat with golden spots. He had very long black tufts on his ears and a black tuft on his tail and his gold-taloned paws were black underneath.

"I want some Good Advice," said Bahlor's Son.

"You should ask rather for a Good Example," said the Pooka. "It is better than Good Advice."

"I want to know how I can earn my living here in this country of the Ever-Young."



"Angus," said the Pooka, "don't you think he should have a strong man's craft? Something with hammering in it, or yanking trees up by the roots?"

"We can't let him hurt the feelings of a tree," said Angus, "but he can be a blacksmith and hammer iron. He can shoe horses."

"Yes," said Bahlor's Son, "I would like to shoe horses."

"Well," said the Pooka, "Angus will help you to it."

Angus showed Bahlor's Son how to soften iron in the fire, how to hammer it into shape, how to plunge it hissing into water to harden it. He taught him also a little song such as smiths use to lighten their work.

"Now," said Angus, "you know how to fashion a shoe, we need a small pony or a little small-footed burro for you to shoe."

"I want a great big, big horse," said Bahlor's Son.

"You hear that, Pooka," said Angus. "You'd better change yourself into the biggest Kelpie you can think of."

"What's a Kelpie?" asked Bahlor's Son.

"A Kelpie looks exactly like a horse," said Angus, "but it can plunge to the bottom of the sea, and live under water as easily as on dry land. If you can shoe a Kelpie you can shoe anything."

"O please, good Pooka, change yourself," said Bahlor's Son.

The Pooka clapped his hands together and made a high leap in the air. When he came down he was a most enormous great big white horse. His eyes were blue like ice, and his tail swept like a cloud about him.

"Now, you see a Kelpie," said Angus.

The Kelpie snorted and cavorted, he kicked up multitudinous sods of earth, he tossed his mane till it looked like a breaking sea wave, and he blew spume out of his nostrils.

"He looks bigger than I wanted him to be," said Bahlor's Son. "Can't Flame of Joy shoe him?"

"No," said Angus, "you must shoe him, but if you put one shoe on him it will be enough."

"But you are to teach me how," said Bahlor's Son, "and how can you teach me if you don't put on the shoe yourself? A Good Example is better than Good Advice."

"Your wits are sharpening, Son of Bahlor," said Angus. "I will put the shoe on the Kelpie, and you shall hammer in the nails."

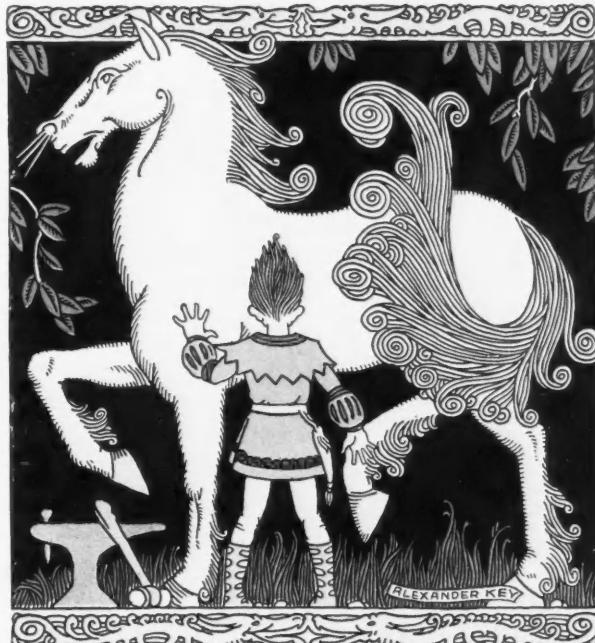
That was how they managed it, and when the Kelpie had one good shoe well fitted to his foot, Angus said,

"Son of Bahlor, I give you fire, anvil and iron, and Flame of Joy to act as helper. Try your luck! Come, Pooka, we are needed elsewhere."

"Angus," said the Pooka, "you have a heart of adamant, but I am compassionate. I am going to stay here and help Bahlor's Son with some Good Advice when the next animal comes to be shod."

Angus laughed and walked away, but the Pooka changed himself back again into a cat. This time his fur was blue, barred and spotted with black. His ears had long black tufts on them, and his tail had a black tuft at the end; his claws shone like burnished onyx. He sat by the anvil where the firelight flickered on him.

It seemed to Bahlor's Son that a very long time went past before anyone came to ask craftsmanship from the master of the forge under the apple trees. At length he caught sight of a young man and a strange beast approaching. The man was slender of body and handsome, a straight robe clung to him from head to foot and the jewels on it winked and glittered as he walked, his golden shoes curled upward at the toe, and he walked daintily. He held a rose in one hand and the other hand rested on the neck of the strange beast—a beast that might have been taken for a horse, only for



the long straight horn growing out from its forehead.

"My Heart Within," cried Flame of Joy, "here comes one in search of a craftsman."

"Tell me, what is that beast?" said Bahlor's Son, almost under his breath.

"It is a Unicorn," said Flame of Joy, "and this is a Persian Poet. Speak softly, for presently he will ask us to shoe the Unicorn."

The Unicorn was very white. It walked more daintily than the Poet, and as it walked it looked sidelong. Its eyes were green as emerald stones.

"I don't like the looks of him at all," said Bahlor's Son. "I won't shoe him. He can stab with his horn, he can bite and kick and gore, all at the same time. Tell him to go away!"

"The Poet will quiet him," said the Pooka. "He'll only need to speak a verse out of one of his own poems and the Unicorn will go to sleep."

The Poet and the Unicorn came slowly up to the forge under the apple trees and when they were close to it they stood still.

"I have enticed this Beautiful One," said the Poet, "from the Garden of the Moon-Goddess where he glittered between the trees like a white lotus between reed stems in a pool of silent waters."

The Unicorn closed his green eyes and went to sleep.

"Don't you want me to shoe him?" cried Bahlor's Son. "I'm ready to do it; I can do it at once."

"Have you the wherewithal to do it in seemly fashion?" asked the Poet.

"I have fire, anvil, and iron, if that's what you mean."

"Iron," said the Poet in a weary, scornful voice. "Is that a metal pleasing to the Moon? I will seek a forge-master elsewhere."

"Lord of a Thousand Pearls of Song," cried the Pooka, "do not leave us! The knowledge you require is with me. I am the poor household cat of this Illustrious Smith. I know well that silver is the metal pleasing to the Moon-Goddess."

"What do you mean by saying that?" said Bahlor's Son, in a whisper. "We haven't any silver."

"The Poet has," said the Pooka, in another whisper.

"Of silver, then," said the Poet, "you shall hammer the shoes."

"Rose of the Civilized World," said the Pooka,

"plain silver is all unworthy. It must be silver that you have sanctified and incensed with the breath of poetry. So clever is this Smith that out of your finger ring he can hammer shoes."

The Poet took from his finger a silver ring with a moonstone set in it.

"Of this silver," he said, "you shall hammer the shoes."

Bahlor's Son hammered and hammered till he had a shoe so slender and so delicately fashioned that you could hardly see it.

"Now," he said, "I will shoe the Unicorn."

Flame of Joy lifted the Unicorn's hind foot very gently, and Bahlor's Son fitted the shoe to it, but when he drove the first nail the Unicorn woke up and kicked him into an apple tree. And the Unicorn wasn't even satisfied with this; he tore Flame of Joy's tunic with his teeth, and he tried to stab the Pooka with his horn. The Pooka somersaulted in the air and came down on his four feet, the way a cat always does.

"O Fierce Beautiful Energy," cried the Poet. "O Divine One, I love the lovely motions of your head, the lovelier rhythms of your feet!"

The Unicorn closed his green eyes and slept.

"Now," said the Pooka to Bahlor's Son, "try again!"

"I won't," said Bahlor's Son. "I won't come within hoof-reach of him, even if I never earn my living!"

"If that be so," said the Poet, "it is needless for us to tarry longer."

"O Sweet-tongued Magician," said the Pooka, "if anyone can shoe your Unicorn, this Smith can do it. Only you must continue to recite poetry until the last shoe-nail is in place."

"I might recite my epic," said the Poet.

"O Lord of Wisdom," cried the Pooka, "you have found the remedy. Recite your epic."

The Poet began the recitation, and with every word the sleeping Unicorn went deeper and deeper into himself, till he seemed to be sleeping himself out of his body.

"Be quick, now, Bahlor's Son," cried the Pooka, "and shoe him before he melts away. Even a Unicorn cannot stand a whole epic."

Bahlor's Son edged cautiously up to the Unicorn. Flame of Joy lifted his hind foot very gently. Bahlor's Son fitted the silver shoe to it, and all



[Continued on page 128]

# THE PINK PARROT

BY MARJORIE BARROWS

## INTRODUCING

TWEEDLES, the littlest pirate, who blacks boots and would like to be somebody, too.

CAPTAIN ZIP, R. P., the polite pirate captain who, you remember, has retired from active service. He now goes in for radio.

HE HE } perky pirates and still retired.  
HA HA }

HO HO, their sister, a perfect-lady pirate, who is fond of putting Tweedles in his place.

EBENEZER, the very fat pirate barber, who is fond of parrots and detective stories.

PAULINE, his pink parrot, who can sing songs in three languages. (A crepe paper parrot will do beautifully.)

MISTER BUNKEM, the pirates' ex-landlord, who has a permanent sniff and says "*do tell!*"

There can be more pirates and pirate sisters if you want them.

The pirates wear fierce-looking black cork mustaches and bandana hankies twisted around their hair. They wear swaggy, pirate costumes of black with gay red sashes around their waists. Zip is in scarlet with a black patch over one eye. Tweedles' black suit has many bright colored patches on it, and is not nearly so stylish as the others.

**WHAT YOU SEE WHEN THE CURTAIN GOES UP:** Here we are in the Pirate Barber Shoppe. The sign on the back wall tells us it is called "The Pink Parrot", and the cage dangling from the same sign, and draped with a passionate pink cover, we conclude, contains the parrot for which the shoppe was named. At the back are three barrels, upon which are seated He He, Ha Ha and Ho Ho, each so deep in the pirate newspapers that we can't see the tops of their heads. At the left and right of the barrels are two tall red and white



barber poles of painted cardboard.

In the foreground away to the left is a radio, where Captain Zip is sitting with his head-phones on. Away to the right is a stool where Tweedles sits, polishing shoes that extend in a row along the right wall. In the exact center is a table filled with magazines and books on pirate etiquette. Signs on the walls tell us that this is a "Waiting Room," that there is "Barbering Here—Boys Bobs or a Close Shave for Perky Pirates," and that "Tooth Pulling Is Extra."

As the curtain goes up we hear Tweedles singing the well known pirate song to the tune of "Turkey in the Straw."

## TWEEDLES:

Avast! Belay! Heave to! Yo ho!  
We've sailed the Seven Seas, you know,  
But anchored here—with treasure near—  
For all us quirky-perky pirates—O!

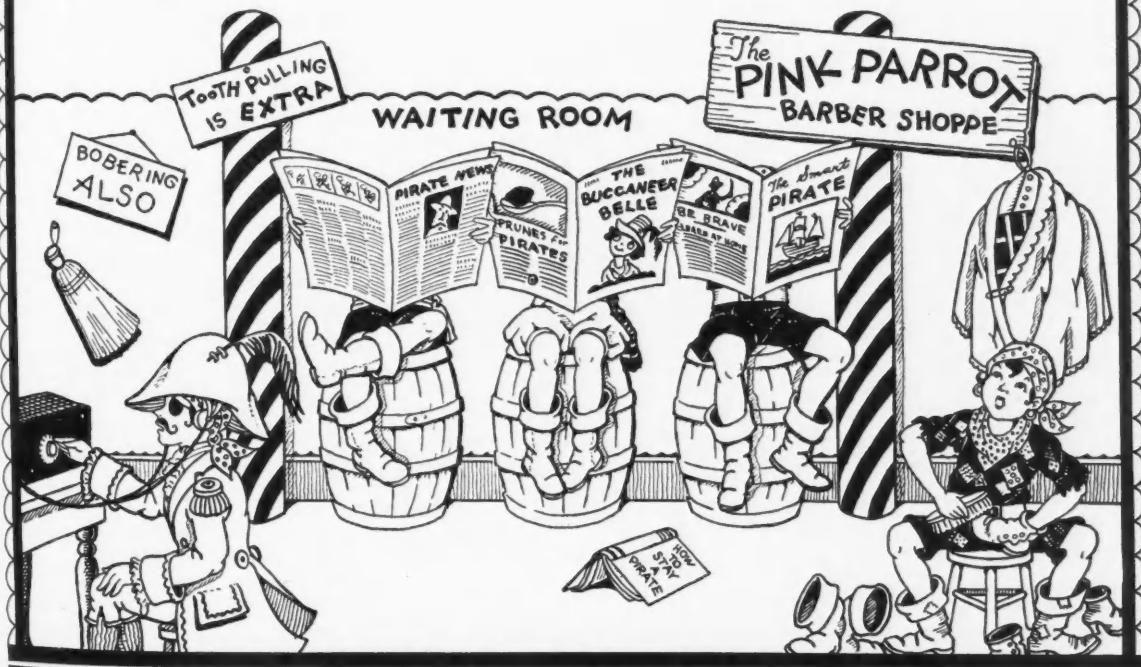
HE HE (*looking over the top of his paper*):  
Keep still, Tweedles. How can I read the  
*Pirate News* if you keep squawking?

TWEEDLES (*eagerly*): Singing, sir! not  
squawking.

HE HE: *Squawking.*

TWEEDLES (*faintly*): Singing. [He waits  
until HE HE retires behind his paper, then goes  
on singing, still polishing the boots vigorously.]

Avast! Belay! Heave to! Yo ho!  
We've sailed the Seven Seas, you know,—



HA HA (*peering over his paper and his glasses, and speaking in a high piping voice*): Sh! Tweedles, Sh! You'd think to hear you that you and the rest of us were one hundred per cent pirates. And everyone knows we're only fifty per cent now that we've retired from active service. Besides, what right has just an unimportant shoe-shiner like you got to be singing, anyway? You may be disturbing Captain Zip over there with his radio. [As HA HA retires behind his newspaper, TWEEDLES sniffs and continues.]

TWEEDLES:

But anchored here—with treasure near—  
For all us quirky-perky pirates—O!

HO HO (*popping up from behind her paper*): O, hush up, Tweedles. We found that old treasure long ago, and there's nothing more to search for. Absolutely nothing. Ho hum, life for retired pirates and their sisters on Buccaneer Bay is a bit dull now.

TWEEDLES (*pointing up to the parrot's cage*): If you ask me, ma'am, I'd call Pauline up there our biggest treasure. That pink parrot of Ebeneezer's—she's a wonder. Maybe the folks on the mainland might not come to your party to-night if it wasn't for Pauline.

HE HE (*laying down his paper, too*): Oh, do be quiet, Tweedles! [Turns to his sister.] It's true, though. Our guests this evening would be scared to say they associated with pirates—even retired ones. But they're



perfectly delighted to come to our party when they know they can see an accomplished pink parrot, who can sing in three languages.

HA HA (*witheringly*): They'll call our party "scientific research." Tweedles, isn't Ebeneezer ready to give me a close shave yet?

TWEEDLES: No, sir, he's still busy shaving landlord Bunkem. You'll just have to wait your turn. [He hums smilingly as he polishes the boots.] I'm glad they're coming to-night, anyway. It gives you a chance to have a party. I love parties.

HO HO: You would.

TWEEDLES (*wistfully*): I wish I could sit at the head of the table to-night. Next to the parrot, sir. It would be such an honor! Of course, sir, I know I can't, sir.

HA HA: Not much chance our Captain Zip would put his bootblack in the place of honor!

HO HO: Ridiculous!

TWEEDLES: Yes, only a bootblack. But you know, ma'am, boots are interesting. They're like people. Sometimes it takes a heap of rubbing and care and polishing to bring out their best points!

HO HO: That'll do. Don't sulk! Why isn't Pauline singing this morning? This is her practice hour, isn't it?

TWEEDLES (*biting his lip and trying to be brave*): So it is, ma'am, and she ought to be practicing up for this evening. [He jumps up and runs over to the parrot's cage.] Pauline,



dear, don't you feel like practicing now? We'd like to hear if your middle register is improving. [There is no answer from the cage.] Pauline! Why don't you answer me? Ooooh!

[He pulls up the pink ruffle before he begins his prolonged shriek that ends in a squeal. The door at the left bursts open and fat old EBENEZER, shaving brush and all, rushes in, followed by MISTER BUNKEM who is tall and thin and who just now is decorated with a towel around his neck and a half-lathered face. These two join the other three pirates, who run over to see why TWEEDLES keeps on squealing. They stand around him with their fingers in their ears.]

ALL: What's the matter? What's the matter? What's the matter?

CAPTAIN ZIP (muttering to himself over at the radio): Static—static—

TWEEDLES: Pauline! She's gone!

HE HE }  
HA HA } Gone! The parrot! Where!  
HO HO }

EBENEZER (running around excitedly): Gone! My parrot! My beautiful Pauline! Gone! [He sinks down on a stool, holding his head in his hands, and groans.]

MISTER BUNKEM: Do tell! Ooooooh! Oh! Oh! Oh! Oh!

CAPTAIN ZIP (at radio, still muttering to himself): Static—static—

TWEEDLES: Let's ask the Captain what to do. [He goes over to the Captain and taps him gently on the shoulder.]

CAPTAIN ZIP (taking off ear phones): Beg pardon? Oh—er— What are you all staring at me for? Perfect pirates should know it's not polite to stare and—

EBENEZER: If you please, Captain Zip, the parrot's gone.

CAPTAIN ZIP (looking up at the empty cage, and then around the room): Gone?

EBENEZER: Yes sir, gone.

CAPTAIN ZIP: Well then look for her. We've got to have her for our party to-night. [He



puts on his ear phones again.]

[The pirates look at each other in despair, then each one nudges each other and points to the CAPTAIN. Finally they make TWEEDLES pull the CAPTAIN's sleeve.]

CAPTAIN ZIP (taking off his head phones): Beg pardon?

TWEEDLES (despairingly): Please sir—

EBENEZER: Couldn't you suggest something for us to do?

CAPTAIN ZIP: Charmed, I'm sure. Line up now and I'll see who's *It*

first to do something. [To TWEEDLES.] No, not you; we don't want any boots blacked now. [The pirates line up in a row, while the CAPTAIN chants in a sing songy voice, pointing to each one in turn]:

One—two—three  
Snicker—eee;  
Squidgy—ma—roo  
Snicker—snoo;  
Now I'll quit  
For you're It

[He points to EBENEZER]: Ebeneezer! Your turn first!

EBENEZER (importantly): I know the way de-teck-atifs do. We must look for clues. [Takes magnifying glass from his pocket and crawls around the floor on all fours.] Footprints, feathers—signs of a struggle, if someone carried her away—Aaaaaah! [He picks up a small pink feather.] There!

TWEEDLES (timidly): Please, sir, she shed that yesterday, when I was giving her my piece of fudge.

EBENEZER (severely): Shears and soapsuds! Just the same that's an excellent clue, excellent! [They all applaud, and he bows.] By the way, Captain Zip, what—er—do we get if we do find the pink parrot?

CAPTAIN ZIP (polishing his finger nails and picking up his head phones): Beg pardon? Let me see—Oh, I know—you can be



guest of honor to-night at the party. Sit next to Pauline at the head of the table and be cheered and all that sort of thing.

TWEEDLES: Oh!

EBENEZER: Fine! [Takes a tape-measure from his pocket and measures distance from door to cage.] If anyone did go off with that parrot he could do it in three long steps. See? [He takes the steps. They all applaud, and he bows again. Now I'll step outside, Captain, and investigate. [He goes out at the right.]

CAPTAIN ZIP (putting down his head phones with a sigh, and counting out again):

One—two—three  
Snicker—eee;  
Squidgy—ma—roo  
Snicker—snoo;  
Now I'll quit  
For you're It.

[Points to HO HO.] HO HO! Your turn now. [Takes out pocket mirror and looks into it as he smooths his hair again.]

HO HO (sitting down on TWEEDLES' stool and smoothing out her skirts): I've often heard that music is helpful at a sad time like this. I'll sing a little song, and perhaps the pink parrot will hear it and fly home again.

[She closes her eyes and sways back and forth as she sings affectedly to the tune of "My Bonny Lies Over the Ocean."] I

Our parrot's flown over the ocean,  
Her cage there is empty, you see,  
Her finder, may he take the notion  
To bring back our parrot to meeee!

A-lack!  
Bring back!  
O bring back dear Pauline to me—to me.

A-lack,  
Bring back  
O, bring back dear Pauline to me!

[All start to applaud, but stop when she opens her eyes and mutters, "I'm not through yet." Then



she closes them and begins to sway again.]

O bring to this soapy sanctorum That borders blue Buccaneer Bay Sweet Pauline that shows such decorum; Return our pink parrot to-day.

A-lack,  
Bring back  
O, bring back dear Pauline to me—to me.

Think! Think!  
Of birdie (pink)  
And bring back dear Pauline to me!

[She opens her eyes and sobs into her hanky, while the rest applaud.]

CAPTAIN ZIP: Charming song, charming. But—where's the parrot?

TWEEDLES (pulling CAPTAIN ZIP'S sleeve shyly): Please, Captain Zip, if you don't want me to help find the parrot, may I go make some fudge for the party?

HO HO: Send him away—do!

CAPTAIN ZIP (adjusting his black patch with a swagger): Run along then. [TWEEDLES goes out at the right, and the CAPTAIN counts again.]

One—two—three  
Snicker—eee;  
Squidgy—ma—roo  
Snicker—snoo;  
Now I'll quit  
For you're It.

[Points to MISTER BUNKEM.] You're It, Mister Bunkem.

MISTER BUNKEM (wiping off soap lather): Do tell! Well, I'll go out and call her. That's the best I can do. [Exit at right, calling, "Pretty polly!" "Pretty polly!" "Pretty polly!"]

CAPTAIN ZIP (to HE HE and HA HA) Do you two want to find Pauline together?

HE HE: Not with him. I'm going out by myself to look up every coconut palm on this island.

HA HA: Not with him. I want to win all alone. And I shall search every cave. Too bad

[Continued on page 130]



# THE MYSTERY OF MIFFLES

By FRANCES CAVANAH

*Author of "The Treasure of Belden Place"*

## WHAT HAPPENED BEFORE

Spaulding, Morrison and Fisher, Incorporated—as Patsy Spaulding, Patty Morrison and Jimmy Fisher like to call themselves—are sitting by the dusty roadside discussing the stunt they are expected to put on at the amateur circus Mrs. Patterson is getting up. They are wishing for a dog they could train to do tricks, and a strange man, changing his tire a few feet away, overhears them. After questioning them closely he climbs into the back seat of his car and, leans out, takes a folded paper apparently out of the empty air, and instructs Patsy to put it into her pocket for safekeeping. Next he produces a high silk hat and, in some mysterious way, pulls Miffles, a little white fox terrier, out of it and gives him to Patsy to hold. With that he touches the accelerator and the car disappears in a cloud of dust. When Patsy's father hears about it later, he is of the opinion that the man had no legal right to the dog. He thinks perhaps that the paper the stranger had given them will explain everything, but when Patsy looks in the pocket of her dress for it, it has disappeared. The children, however, soon forget the mystery, in their pleasure over their new pet. Their only disappointment is Miffles's refusal to learn tricks. The dog even goes so far as to yawn in their faces, when they try to teach him, and once when he climbs a ladder and retrieves their ball for them from the roof of the tool shed, he seems very much ashamed, as though he had done something wrong instead of clever. They do manage to teach him to carry notes between their homes, and the evening before the circus he carries a note from Patty to Patsy, asking her to hurry up to Belden Place at once. A postscript suggests that she say, "Won't you dance for us, Your Excellency?" and to everyone's surprise the dog stands on his hind legs and begins to dance.

## PART IV

**T**HAT man did have a right to give Miffles to us," my cousin announced when Mother, Daddy and I reached Belden Place a few minutes later. "We found the paper and it explains everything."

"Well, not exactly everything, Patty." Aunt May led the way into the library. "But it certainly has accomplished marvels with the dog."

Jimmy had been summoned from the gardener's cottage and was waiting impatiently for Miffles' return. "Now show me, Patty," he begged.

My cousin turned to our pet and addressed him in a tone of deep respect. "Your Excellency, please stand on your head."

Obediently, Miffles stood on his head and waved his hind legs in the air.

"That is all, Your Excellency. Now bow to the ladies and gentlemen."

Miffles righted himself, stood on his hind legs and bowed. No wonder he had felt insulted when Patty and Jimmy took hold of his paws, in order

to hold him up, and had tried to make him walk just as though he were some ordinary dog and didn't know a thing about it!

Aunt May held up the paper the strange man had given us. "This seems to be the second sheet of a letter from Miffles' old master, and it gives you a list of his tricks."

"Where did you find it?" I asked, remembering how carefully we had searched for it.

"Guess where!" Patty giggled. "In the back corner of my closet. Don't you remember the day Miffles came how he snuggled up against the dress you laid out on the chair in my room? And when we came back we found him in the closet."

"Why, of course," I said. "Before that he kept poking his little nose into my pocket, and he wouldn't go to anybody else."

"Yes, and he's liked to play in that closet ever since," said Aunt May. "He must have realized that the letter came from his old master—smelled his scent, you know. Dogs are very clever that way."

She handed the paper to Daddy, and he unfolded it and read:

"And so, my dear friend, I give Miffles, my other friend, to you. If you find him of any use in your work, well and good. I doubt it, though, and I feel that my little com-

rade's long and faithful service has earned him the right to retirement. Perhaps your mother can take him; if not, I trust you to find another home for him. You know the kind of person I would wish for my successor—not merely someone who is willing to house and feed a dog. No, Miffles' new master or mistress must give him love and friendship: and he will return both a hundredfold."

"You have often seen me put Miffles through his traces, but as you may wish to pass the information on to others, for your convenience I am setting down a list of his tricks. You have probably guessed that the cue I must always give him is 'Your Excellency.' There is only one trick he will perform without it, and that is to shake hands, which, as you know, he learned before I got him.



In solving arithmetic problems, he barks his answers; and my friends have often been puzzled by his accuracy, for to all appearances I have never given him a cue. You, who are such a keen observer, have probably guessed that I have only to draw down one corner of my mouth, ever so slightly, when I want him to stop barking."

Daddy turned the letter over and looked at the other side. "It's signed Fulton Thorne. You know, that name sounds familiar. I wish I could remember where I've heard it."

"Fulton Thorne?" I said. "But the initials on the collar are S. V. C."

"Is there a list of the dog's tricks in that letter?" Jimmy was rumpling up his hair, as he always does, when he gets excited. He hadn't even heard me.

"You're right; there is," said Daddy, and he looked excited, too. "I think my law practice will have to take care of itself to-morrow morning. I'm going to help you youngsters get a new act ready for the circus."

Mrs. Patterson had advertised both an afternoon and an evening performance, and when we arrived at the grounds the next day at two o'clock we found

on her lap, while we found seats in the front row to watch the first part of the performance.

"Gee, I hope we win that twenty-dollar gold piece," whispered Jimmy. "I don't believe the other stunts could be any better than ours."

We agreed with him, but when the circus began we weren't quite so confident. We were sure our act was good, but then so were the others. We knew now, though, that Miffles was a very remarkable trained dog. He was no longer just our Mystery Pet—we might well have advertised him as the Marvel Dog and we wouldn't have been exaggerating one bit. Several of the bigger boys and girls, who had watched us rehearse the day before, smiled when they saw us sitting there. It wasn't the sort of smile we liked, for we knew they were thinking, "We wonder why Mrs. Patterson allowed those younger kids to be in the circus with their little baby act." I tell you, we could hardly wait till the time came for us to show them.

The only trouble was Miffles couldn't do all his tricks in twenty minutes—things like shutting the door and putting papers in the waste basket and pulling handkerchiefs out of our pockets—but then

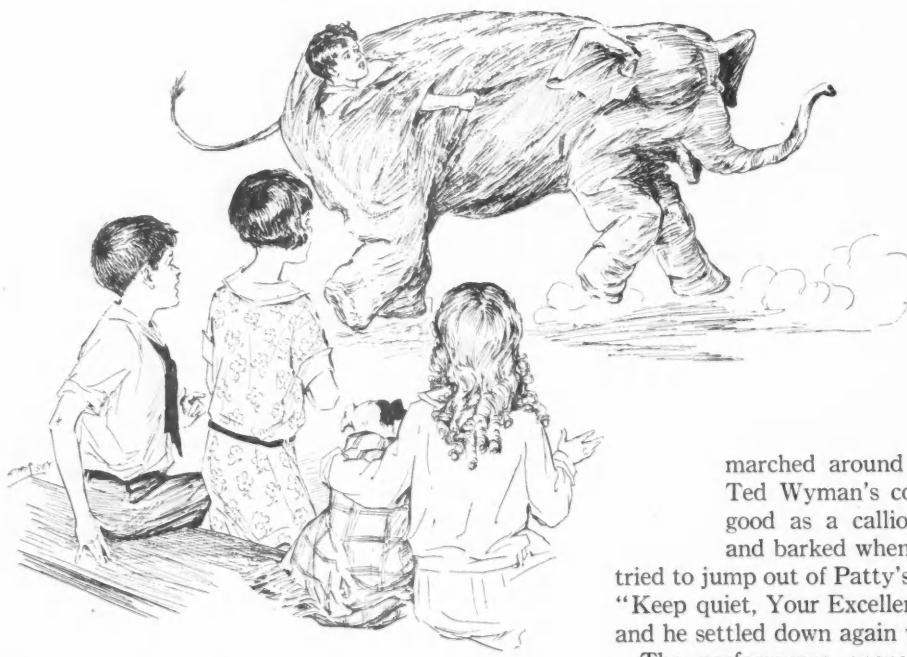
twenty minutes would be long enough to give Fayetteville a big surprise. We felt that the occasion was every bit as important as the time we discovered the treasure.

There was a sudden blare of sound, and the members of the Fayetteville Junior Band entered in their new bright red uniforms. They

marched around the sawdust ring; and Ted Wyman's cornet sounded almost as good as a calliope. Miffles jumped up and barked when he heard the music and tried to jump out of Patty's arms, he was so excited. "Keep quiet, Your Excellency," I whispered softly, and he settled down again without a whimper.

The performance opened with an act by the World's Wonder Tumblers, who in private life, as Mrs. Patterson announced, were the members of a Boy Scout troop. They stood on their heads, turned cartwheels and walked on their hands; and as a climax for their act, they formed a pyramid. Three of the larger boys, leaning forward, were the base; two others stood on their backs; and then Dick Waterford, the smallest member of the troop, stood on their shoulders and held up an American flag. From the wave of applause, as they say in books, that swept over that large audience, a person would have thought that the twenty-dollar prize

at a large crowd already there. Our act wasn't scheduled until the second half of the program, so there was time to stop at Fred Maxim's stand for a glass of regular pink circus lemonade and to buy some pop-corn balls to take into the tent with us. It wasn't a regular tent—just high canvas walls inclosing Mr. Carney's well-shaded vacant lot. They were used sometimes in the town park when the band gave a concert for the benefit of some charity, and Mrs. Patterson had borrowed them. Miffles was wearing his costume, so Patty wrapped him in an old cape of her mother's and held him



was decided then and there.

Next came a riding act by Mary Ryerson, one of the high school girls who has won prizes in several horse shows. Her mount was a beautiful roan-colored animal, Kentucky bred, and instead of wearing her regular riding habit, Mary had on tights and a fluffy-ruffy ballet costume to make it seem more circus-like. She jumped hurdles

and then as a big surprise, she stood on the horse's back—this was a stunt which she had just learned recently—and poised there while he galloped around the ring.

John and Harvey Jamison, two of the wittiest boys in Fayetteville, were the clowns. They looked like real clowns, too, in their red and white polka-dotted Pierrot suits and with their faces chalky white, with a bright red spot upon each cheek. After they had sung a funny ditty, which set everyone in the audience to laughing, their fake baby elephant lumbered in. For a moment we had to rub our eyes—it looked so real. By order of the clowns, the elephant began to dance and to do all sorts of stunts—it climbed over trestles and put its paws on blocks of wood and switched its tail in time to music. And then something awfully funny happened—the elephant's front legs and his hind legs began to disagree and tried to go in different directions. The result was that "he had a fit of temperament," as the Fayetteville Journal described it the next morning, "and went all to pieces." It was true, for the baby elephant ripped in the middle, and Jack Tucker and Fred Loomis appeared, grinning sheepishly, out of a mass of grey blue drugged and a wire framework. Fred had been playing the front part of the elephant, and in the excitement of the performance, he had forgotten that in the new dance they had begun, he was supposed to move backward. Jack had remembered, though, and the boys began pulling in opposite directions, with the result that the grey-blue drugged, which wasn't of very durable quality anyway, couldn't stand the strain, and the elephant parted company in the middle. They thought they had ruined their act, but they hadn't. It was really funnier that way, and everyone laughed and applauded.

Peg Patterson and Jane Shurtleff gave a performance on the trapeze next, but we couldn't wait

to see it, because it was time for us to change into our costumes. My cousin and I were to wear ballet dresses, and Jimmy was wearing the coat to Daddy's dress suit and his high silk hat. He had a funny little false mustache, too.

"Look!" Patty whispered, as we stood in the door of our dressing tent. "See that man?"

I followed her gaze, and then I understood the little worried note that had crept into her voice. "Why, it's the stranger who gave Miffles to us."

"What do you suppose he wants?"

"Oh, he may just be driving through town again," I answered, "and he wants to see how Miffles is getting along. He must be a mighty valuable dog, if that letter meant anything."

"You don't think his master wants him back?"

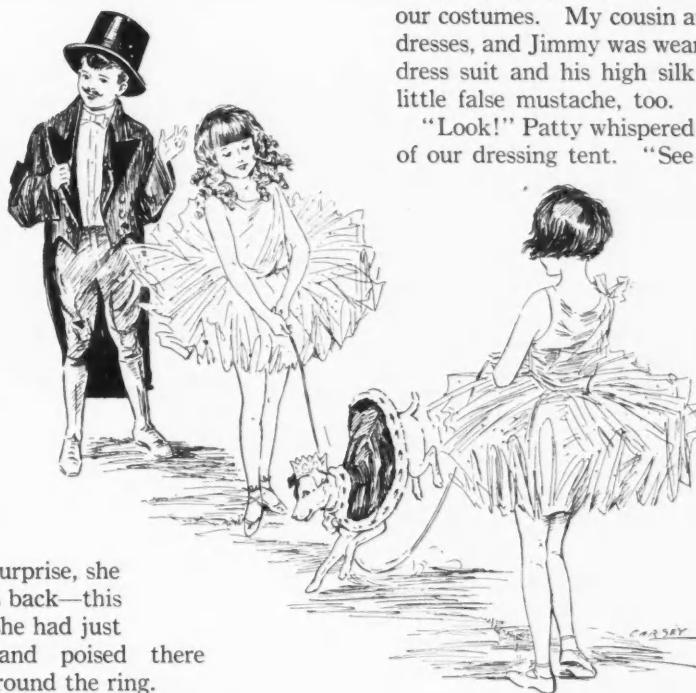
"Of course not. He gave him away, didn't he, and this man gave him to us."

"I know," Patty answered, nervously, "but I wish he hadn't come."

Jimmy was to be the master of ceremonies, and my cousin and I were his assistants. We only had a moment together before our act began, but we told him in a whisper what had happened. Jimmy didn't like the idea of talking in public any more than he had to, but it was decided that he had better announce beforehand how the dog had been taken out of a hat and given to us. Then if that stranger did try to take him away, the audience would know that he was really ours.

I had expected everyone to be surprised by Miffles' performance, especially those people who had watched us at the dress rehearsal. But I had not expected the great burst of applause that followed his first dance. Nor had I expected our little pet to like it so much or to stand on his hind legs again, put a paw to his mouth and toss a kiss to his admirers. This made the people clap louder than before, and we thought we would never be allowed to go on with the rest of our performance.

Patty and I turned a little rope then, while Miffles jumped it, and once when he missed—he didn't really make a mistake; he just pretended to—he threw back his head and howled. We next played ball and though we threw it into the air in such a way that we could never tell where it might land, he never missed it once. He would follow it with his eye, make quick little runs and jump high into the air and catch it in his mouth. We had





## THE BABY WHEELERS' CLUB

By FRANCES MATHEWS WARN

**J**IM was thinking hard. He would like to help Huds if he only knew how. Huds was hard to help. You had to be pretty foxy, so he wouldn't know what you were about.

"We're going to build a dandy cabin," Jim said, as he followed Huds along his paper route. "You've got to be in on it."

"I can't, Jim."

"It's going to be up on Sylvan Creek, near the deer-lick," Jim confided, "right where we had our tent. We can go there all winter on snowshoes."

"Gee, that'll be great!" Huds burst out. "But—Jim—there's no use—just count me out."

"Why?" Jim faltered. "We want you most of all."

"The rest of you will be furnishing everything—the lumber, the roofing—no, I can't give my part and I won't be in on it."

Jim was thinking fast.

"The fellows are going to earn every cent that goes into that cabin!" he announced victoriously.

As Huds listened he remembered that after all he had a place for what he earned, so this scheme didn't help much. He turned quietly away.

"It's going to be the extras we earn," Jim called after him. "Just remember," and he was off toward home.

It wasn't long before Jim called the other boys together down in his workshop.

"We'll saw a slit in the top of this wooden starch box," he explained. "All the extra money we earn for odd jobs, errands and things, goes in here and some day we'll smash the old box open and build our cabin! We'll earn every cent."

"What's the big idea?" Hal Carson objected. "We've got pretty near enough from our families already."

"We're going to earn it," Jim insisted. "Whoever wants to be in on this cabin must hustle around and get something to do."

"Sounds foolish when we've already got a good start," Hal protested sulkily.



"I like the independence of it," Slats volunteered. "I'm for it. We're not a lazy bunch."

"That's the stuff!" Jim beamed with victory.

"Let's skeedaddle and get started at it," Slats proposed promptly. "The hole in that box looks like a hungry mouth."

That was how it happened that Jim was ringing Mrs. Martin's door bell a half hour later and Mrs. Martin was standing in the door.

"Is that the only job you've got?" Jim frowned. He had rung five other door bells.

"That's all."

Jim twisted on his toes and remembered how very much he wanted the money.

"I'll do it," he agreed heartily. "Four to six, you say?"

Later Jim appeared in Black Oak Park wheeling the Martin's baby coach. The fellows roared provokingly, and their baseball game broke up.

"Whoopie—Jim Dodds—baby tender! Look at the crocheted buggy cover'n everything!" some one yelled mercilessly. Jim had expected something of the kind and smiled bravely.

"It's a good job," he said, looking straight at Hal Carson. "Twenty-five cents for two hours just walking around is not to be sneezed at."

Hal giggled. "Before I'd—"

"He's a cute little codger, too," Jim added. "Hands off now, nobody can touch him."

"Who said so?"

"I did."

"Suppose he howls?" ventured Hal dismally.

"Suppose he don't!" Jim countered and walked off.

The year-old Martin baby was delighted with all the excitement and almost jumped out of the leather straps. Two hours went by right speedily and Jim had a quarter in his pocket when he took the rosy-cheeked baby back to his mother.

The next day when Jim rounded the first corner

wheeling the Martin baby coach he met Slats.

"Say, Jim, know any more babies to wheel?" whispered Slats confidentially.

"Want a job—honest?" Jim asked.

"Yep," he admitted rather sheepishly, "I can't get a thing to do."

"Go ask Mrs. Bronson. She tried to get me to-day."

But Slats soon came back looking gloomy. "She won't let me," he stated.

"Why not?" Jim was surprised.

"Don't know me well enough to trust me."

"I'll go back with you."

After supper that night the boys got together down in "the box office" in the basement at Jim's. They had all found that jobs were scarce.

"Say," whispered Hal, "let me in on the baby wheeling business, too. To-day I was carting hat boxes for the Paris Hat Shop and two boxes blew off my handle bars and went sailing down Main Street in under the street sprinkler. I'd rather wheel babies."

[Continued on page 126]

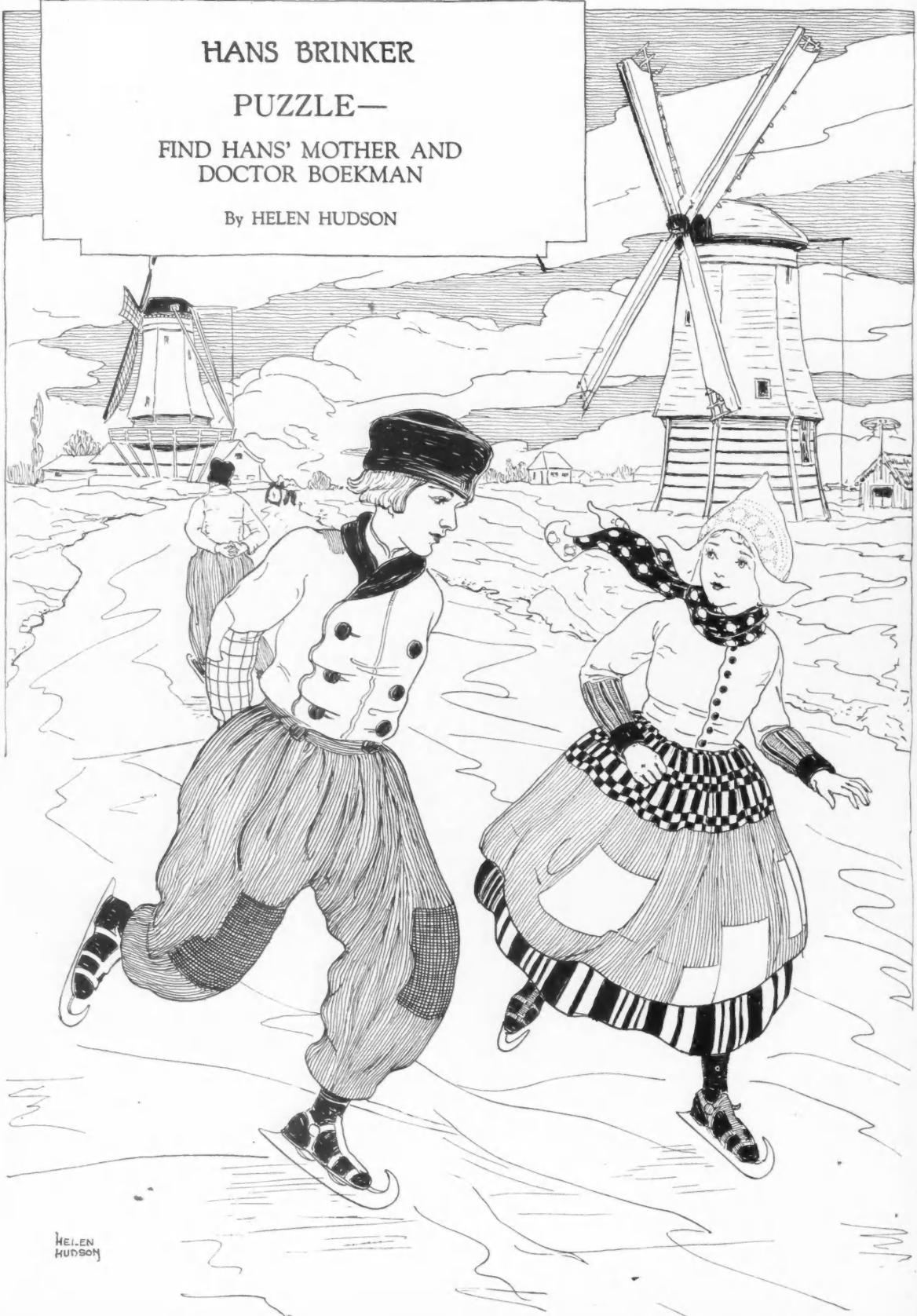


## HANS BRINKER

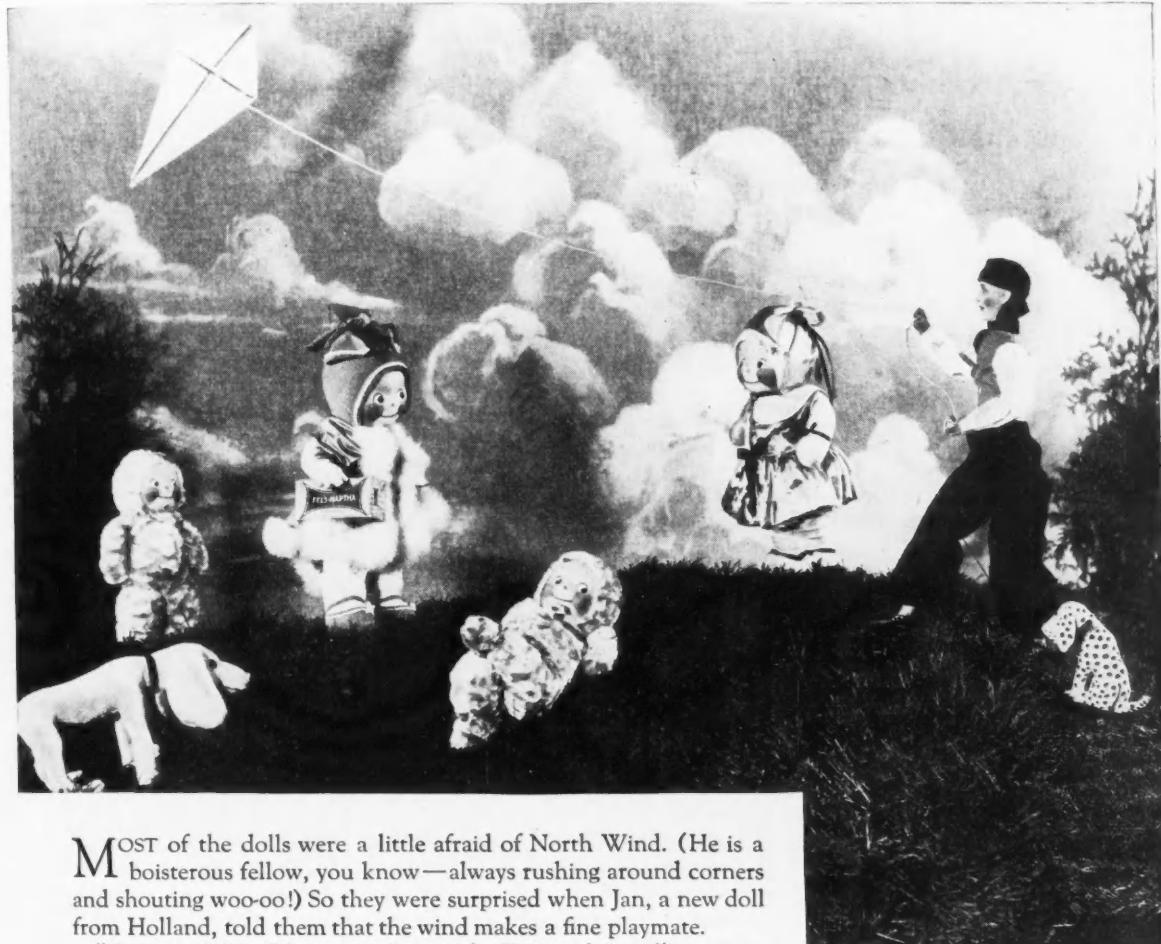
## PUZZLE—

FIND HANS' MOTHER AND  
DOCTOR BOEKMAN

By HELEN HUDSON



# THE DOLLS FIND A NEW PLAYMATE



© 1929, Fels &amp; Co.

MOST of the dolls were a little afraid of North Wind. (He is a boisterous fellow, you know—always rushing around corners and shouting *woo-oo!*) So they were surprised when Jan, a new doll from Holland, told them that the wind makes a fine playmate.

"Over in Holland he turns the windmills," said Jan. "In winter he blows the iceboats up and down the canals. And, this time of year, he flies kites for us."

The dolls thought kite-flying must be great fun. So Jan made a kite out of paper; and the very first windy, sunny day, took the dolls and the dogs to a nearby hill. North Wind obligingly carried the kite far up among the clouds; while everyone took turns holding the string.

Then Fuzzy stubbed his toe—and went rolling over and over down the hill! He wasn't hurt—but you should have seen his white suit.

"It's lucky I stopped at the grocer's for soap," said Rosabelle. "Don't cry, Fuzzy! I'll wash your suit as soon as we get back."

"It seems too bad to end a holiday with hard work," said Jan sympathetically.

Even Fuzzy laughed at that! "But this is Fels-Naptha Soap," said Rosabelle. "That means Fuzzy's suit will be snowy-white again in a jiffy, with no hard rubbing."

And sure enough! Fuzzy's suit looked so beautiful after its Fels-Naptha bath, Wuzzy almost wished he had fallen down hill, too.

**MOTHERS**—Fels-Naptha's extra help makes the whole wash delightfully clean, fresh and sweet-smelling. It's the extra help of plenty of naptha combined with good golden soap. These two safe, active cleaners work hand in hand, loosening even stubborn dirt and washing it away without hard rubbing.

Fels-Naptha gives you this extra help no matter how you use it—in washing machine or tub, in hot or cool water. It's excellent for general cleaning, too, and it's gentle to the hands. Order Fels-Naptha from your grocer today—the ten-bar carton is especially convenient.

FELS & COMPANY, Philadelphia

**FELS-NAPTHA**

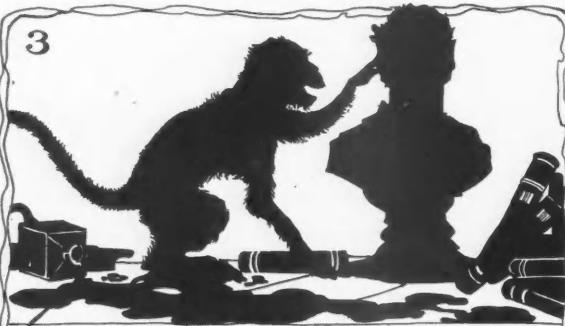
THE GOLDEN BAR WITH  
THE CLEAN NAPTHA ODOR



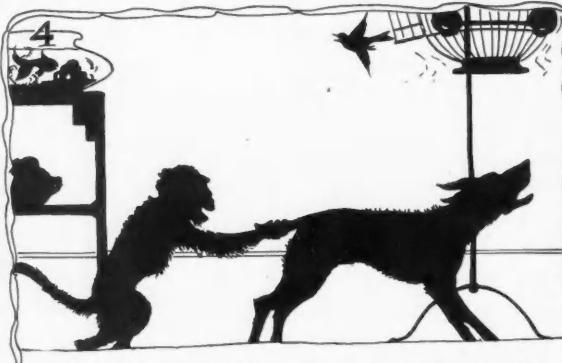
Dick's uncle loaned him Jocko, his pet monkey, for the day. But Jocko decided to play by himself, so promptly wiggled out of Betsy Ann's arms.



And, turning on the water in the tub, he gave a football, Chip's collar (his best one), Betsy Ann's new purse, and Bab's baby doll a cold plunge.



Then he upset the ink on the library table and presented Plato, the statue, with a very black mustache, an inky bob, and a couple of black eyes.



After this he called on the canary, leaving his door wide open, pulled Chip's tail, and then went fishing in the goldfish bowl.



They caught him before he was up to any more monkey-shines, deeply sunk in thought and also in Bridget's pan of bread dough!

For  
L. Kate Deal



# "Rules 'n' regulations... now turned into play

## New ways of guidance that many mothers are using



Miriam Finn Scott, author of "How to Know Your Child" and "Meeting Your Child's Problems"

"**T**HREE'S a game for teaching almost every habit to children," says Miriam Finn Scott, renowned psychologist.

How impatient children are of everything that interrupts the one important business—play!

But there are ways, now, in which mothers can use this very spirit of play to form lasting habits.

For instance, the right habits of eating, which you want to become second nature. Particularly breakfast habits. A series of school tests has shown this arresting fact: children are definitely handicapped, at work and at play, unless they start their day with a *hot, cooked* cereal breakfast. Over 70,000 teachers have hung this rule on their class room walls:

*"Every boy and girl needs a hot cereal breakfast"*

Mothers are apt to feel their duty so strongly that they are sometimes too

earnest about it at the breakfast table. They may even let anxiety creep into their voice when they talk to the children about hot cereal.

Then children resist. They believe they don't like Cream of Wheat—or oatmeal—or whatever *hot, cooked* cereal is served them. But what they really don't like is the dead seriousness of the whole business.

One of the ways to change all this is a children's club—called the H. C. B. After a mother has sent for free membership for her children she needn't do anything else—except cook the hot cereal!

Youngsters respond with enthusiasm to the play material of this club. Brightly colored posters, glittering gold stars, shiny badges. They love the game and soon they love their cereal too.



© 1929, C. of W. Co.

### Recommended for 32 years by leading authorities

Authorities on child health have for 32 years recommended Cream of Wheat as ideal. Here are three of their reasons:

1. It is rich in mental and physical energy—all real food.
2. Cream of Wheat is amazingly quick and easy to digest, for it contains none of the harsh, indigestible part of the grain.
3. Raisins, dates, or prunes, easily added while cooking, vary its creamy goodness.

*Make this a habit with your children—a good hot bowl of Cream of Wheat every morning.*

### FREE—the plan that works wonders

A club—called the H. C. B.—that children work out for themselves. A plan that arouses children's interest in a *hot, cooked* cereal breakfast and makes them want to eat it regularly.

Badges and a secret for members, gold stars and colored wall charts. All materials free, sent direct to your children, with a sample box of Cream of Wheat (if desired). Children cannot resist it! Eating Cream of Wheat becomes a fascinating game, then an enjoyable habit. Mail the coupon now—watch the club idea work.

CREAM OF WHEAT COMPANY  
MINNEAPOLIS

Gentlemen: Please send my child the free material for the H. C. B. Club as described above.

Child's name..... First name..... Last name.....

Address..... City..... State.....

*To get sample Cream of Wheat, check here.*

DEPT. R-21  
MINNESOTA

# C. L. SEWING CIRCLE



Conducted by ALICE COLBY JUDSON

## FASHION SHOW

### EARLY SPRING SHOWING

MOTHERS ARE INVITED TO COME  
AND BRING THEIR CHILDREN

BETTY was dressing her favorite doll for an after-school buggy ride.

"Why, Dorothy!" she exclaimed to the pretty doll. "Here I want to take you riding and you have nothing fit to wear but old winter clothes. I shall have to get to sewing!"

It happened to be Betty's turn to have the Sewing Circle meet at her house. Now if Dorothy was so much in need of clothes, maybe the other doll children of Sewing Circle mothers were needing new things, too. Betty thought the little mothers had better get to work at once, so she wrote the invitations for the following Saturday morning.

When the notes were received each girl carefully looked over the wardrobe of her doll and began planning spring clothes.

"Oh, what shall I make for Elizabeth Ann?" Virginia thought aloud. "She does need new clothes badly, poor child! The dresses she had last year are so faded from washing!"

"My Sally's hat was left out in a thunderstorm last summer," said Ellen, "and you should see it! I shall have to find out how to make a hat."

The morning of the Sewing Circle found four doll carriages turned toward Betty's house and when all arrived, there was a general exclaiming over the "children." But soon the dolls were put on the chairs in the play room, in easy reach for measuring, and the "mothers" went to work.

"I saw the smartest coat in a shop window the other day," said Jane. "It was made of gay cretonne, bound with a plain color. I mean to make one for Peggy.

"She is eighteen inches from head to heel so I usually make her dresses about twelve

inches long. The coat will look best about an inch shorter. I shall make a pattern from wrapping paper to make sure that the measurements are just right and that the sleeves are shaped so that they will slip on and off. Then I'll fold the goods and cut it very carefully. I'll French seam the sides and shoulders and bind the other outer edges with inch-wide ribbon. At the neck, I'll tack an extra length of ribbon so that Peggy can have a smart bow to tie her coat together."

"That does sound stylish," said Doris. "I'm afraid what I am going to make won't be nearly so novel, but my Louise does need underwear, so I am going to make that."

"I'll fold this piece of white lawn, making it seven by ten inches when it is double. All the cutting I'll need to do will be the neck, the armholes and a little shaping at the bottom. I'll French seam the sides, hem the armholes, and whip this very narrow lace around the bottom and the neck. At the middle of the bottom, I'll sew a strap with two buttonholes on to the back, and put two buttons on the front. You see, I can slip it over Louise's head and fasten the buttons and she's most dressed."

"It will be easy to wash, too," approved Betty. "When Dorothy grows up, I'll have to make some underwear like that for her. Just now, though, she needs a light-weight wrap."

"I bought this half yard of red challis and after I measure the pattern, I'll fold the goods and cut a cape. The seams on the shoulder will have to be stitched flat and the edges of the cape bound with red wash ribbon. A hook and eye at the neck will hold it together—and there, Dorothy will have a new spring cape!"

Ellen took from her bag a pencil, a plate, a piece of heavy cardboard, a ball of white and a ball of blue, heavy mercerized cotton thread and a large needle without a point.

"What are you going to do with all that?" asked Jane.

"Make a hat," replied Ellen, proudly. "I'll make a frame by putting this

(Cont'd on page 132)



# The Pied Piper

## “Aladdin

## “Fauntleroy!

—at the famous Jack and Jill Theatre for children they keep fit on “HORLICK’S”



Unique—this smart Chicago theatre with its repertoire of a dozen plays, acted and costumed for children, by children! All the favorites of fairy lore and history come to life on the stage of Jack and Jill. “Aladdin” (left) and “The Piper” (below, left) are among the productions which play to crowded houses repeatedly



In all of these young actors, one notes keen imagination . . . vitality plus—evidences of their sturdy health which “Horlick’s” helps to preserve



JOYOUS responsibilities . . . these of creating new roles, making costumes, tending lights! Hard work—that calls for robust health as well as sparkling enthusiasm.

Socially prominent patrons of the Jack and Jill Theatre, mothers who attend rehearsals, agree that a supplementary diet is necessary.

And because only the best, only the safest and purest will do for these children, Horlick's Malted Milk is specified.

Your children—do they not deserve as much?

### What “Horlick’s” gives

“Horlick’s” contains all the nourishment of fresh, full-cream cow's milk, plus that of malted grains. Carbohydrates, proteins, minerals, vitamins—all conserved by the exclusive Horlick process.

It is easy to see why “Horlick’s” is so good for your children! Why drinks of “Horlick’s,” warm or cold, will give them energy for all day!

If your children are nervous, irritable, lacking in appetite, give them “Horlick’s” (natural or chocolate flavor) to build them up, to strengthen them.

Fresh color, sound sleep, keen appetites usually return when underweight is corrected.

### Do not confuse

But do not confuse “Horlick’s” with other preparations on the market. Only “Horlick’s” is the original Malted Milk—endorsed by physicians for nearly 50 years.

“Horlick’s” is made under sanitary conditions. The milk is from Horlick's own herds, or from herds under Horlick inspection. The choice grains are malted in Horlick's own malt house. Every care you would take to protect your own children, Horlick has taken.

The Piper and Ian, of the Jack and Jill cast of “The Piper,” enjoy glasses of “Horlick’s” between acts of a strenuous rehearsal. Everywhere, mothers of modern children, with full programs of work and play, recognize the value of Horlick's Malted Milk as an extra “builder.”

### FREE TRIAL PACKAGE

HORLICK'S MALT MILK CORP.  
Dept. D-16, Racine, Wis.

Tear out and mail this coupon for sample package. Check flavor wanted. For Speedy Mixer, the improved method of mixing a creamy Malted Milk in a pitcher or a glass, enclose 4 cents in stamps for postage.

Natural

Chocolate

Name.....

Address.....

(If you live in Canada, address  
2155 Pius IX Ave., Montreal)



Horlick's, the original Malted Milk, is sold in both natural and chocolate flavors, in powder or tablet form

THE ORIGINAL  
**HORLICK'S**



MALT MILK



WE HAVE been having such success with our baking this winter that we are going to take one more lesson on something to mix and put in the oven. That seems more like real cooking to some of our readers, so we like to give them a long list of goodies to bake.

Then when springtime comes and we want to make some other dishes, we will know how to do the baking and can easily turn out a variety of nice menus.

A long time ago we learned how to make plain white flour muffins—maybe some of our cooks were not in our kitchen then. Never mind! If you read carefully, you will find that you can catch up on that lesson. But we have never made whole wheat flour muffins, so we have chosen that recipe for our March lesson. Whole wheat flour makes delicious breads and we must use it often. Somehow, it seems to have more of

the real wheat in it than the clear white flour. You have heard your mother talk about minerals and how important they are in making strong muscles and nerves. Well, whole wheat has a great deal of wonderful mineral matter in it and we like to use it all we can for that reason. Also it has a good taste, and that is a fine reason for using it, too.

Some of our cooks have told us that they think muffin tins are hard to wash. Of course, if a person remembers to put them to soak in *cold* water, as soon as the muffins are taken up there will be little trouble, as the crumbs wash out quite easily. But we were very interested in the report on washing the pans, for it showed us that our cooks were being *real* cooks and taking a pride in leaving the kitchen and utensils clean and tidy after use. And we set

### MUFFINS

By CLARA INGRAM JUDSON  
Author of "Cooking Without Mother's Help," "Junior Cook Book," "Sewing Without Mother's Help," "Jean and Jerry Detectives," etc.



about exploring to see what could be done about those pans.

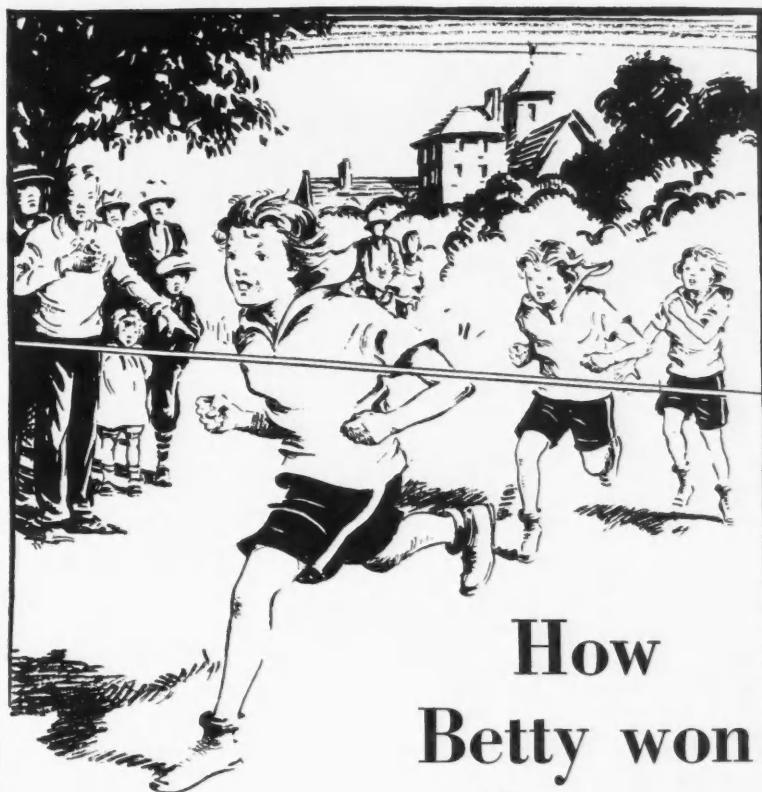
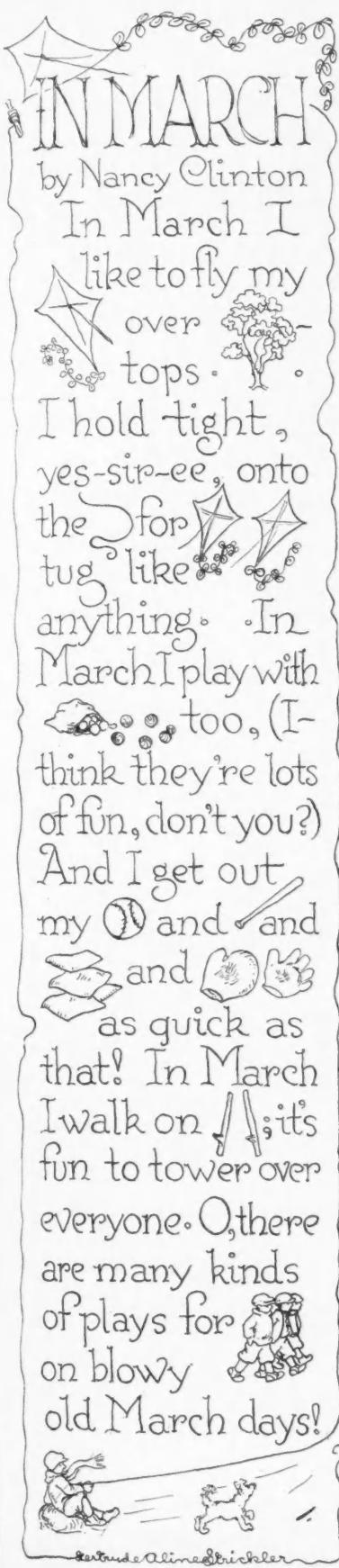
We find very good paper baking cups on the market now, at household supply stores and at the ten cent stores. The price is reasonable as the cups come in packages, a great number

to a package. We found some that cost a penny for five, and a great many as cheap as ten for a penny. Of course, one can't buy a penny's worth; we mean that is a rate of cost. So before you make muffins, ask Mother if you may get some paper baking cups. Get whatever price she advises; the size cup and the weight of paper is the cause of most of the difference in price, and for muffins all sorts are quite satisfactory. Arrange the cups for baking by putting them on a cooky pan. They do not have to be greased, and that is quite a saving of time and bother. In placing them on the pan, be very sure that the tips do not touch each other. The dough expands in baking and needs to have room if the shape is to keep even and round.

The supplies you will need for muffins are whole wheat flour, an egg, sugar, milk, baking powder, salt and butter. In place of butter you may use a vegetable cooking oil or margarine with excellent results. The utensils you will need are a mixing bowl, two measuring cups (one for wet, one for dry ingredients), a mixing spoon, a measuring spoon, paper cups or muffin tins for baking.

[Continued on page 129]





## How Betty won the cup

"What do you think, mother!" exclaimed Ruth as she rushed in from school, "Betty just won the 50-yard dash and a beautiful silver cup."

"That is a surprise," said her mother. "You used to feel so sorry for her because she couldn't run and play like the other children and was ill half the time."

"She hasn't missed a day of school this year," said Ruth, "and she's ever so much prettier, too. I wonder what she has done! Do you suppose it's a secret?"

"Why not ask Betty herself?" suggested the mother. Ruth could hardly wait till she saw Betty the next morning.

"It isn't a secret at all," said Betty. "Doctor just told mother to give me Wheatena. He said it is full of minerals and other good things

that make boys and girls strong and well. I eat a big bowlful every morning and I love it. It tastes just like toasted nuts."

Doctors know why Wheatena, the delicious all-wheat cereal, is such a wonderful food. It is made from the entire nut-brown wheat kernel . . . therefore supplies minerals, proteins, carbohydrates, fat, vitamins and bran in proper proportions for building

strong bones, supple muscles and sound teeth. Served with milk, Wheatena is "Nature's most nearly perfect food."

Thousands of boys and girls call Wheatena the "run-fast food," and eat it every morning. Why not ask your mother to buy Wheatena for you?



### Special Offer!

"Feeding the Child from Crib to College" is an entirely new kind of book for mothers—written by one of the most eminent child-health specialists in America. Absolutely authoritative. Only 10c brings you a copy. Please use coupon on right.



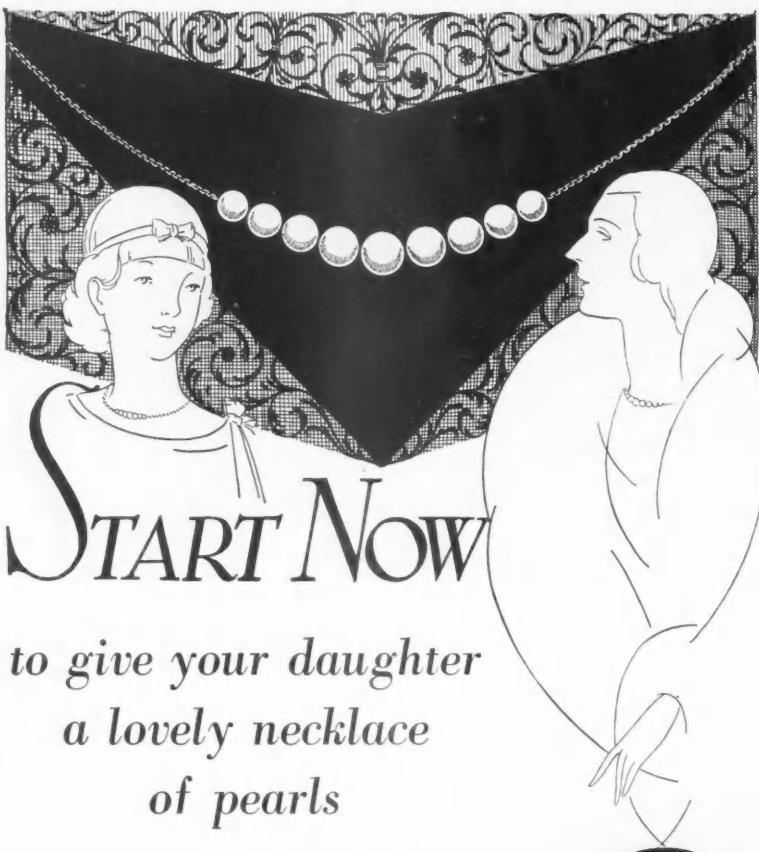
### Wheatena Sample FREE

- Check here and we'll send you a sample of Wheatena FREE.
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The Wheatena Corporation  
Wheatenaville, Rahway, N.J.

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CL 3-29



## START Now to give your daughter a lovely necklace of pearls

THROUGH the ADD-A-PEARL IDEA it is possible for parents to give their daughters a necklace of genuine oriental pearls. This does not mean that it is necessary to spend hundreds of dollars at one time for the pearls, for the ADD-A-PEARL IDEA is unique. The initial necklace is purchased with five, seven or ten pearls on a dainty gold chain, and is worn immediately by the happy girl who receives it as a gift. From that time until the lovely necklace is completed, ADD-A-PEARLS are given by relatives and friends on all gift occasions.

The ADD-A-PEARL NECKLACE makes an ideal gift for Easter. Why not start now to give your daughter a necklace of genuine oriental pearls? It is—"the gift that lives and grows".

THE ADD-A-PEARL  
COMPANY  
CHICAGO



THE  
Add-a-pearl  
NECKLACE

ADD-A-PEARLS are genuine oriental pearls of the finest quality. Perfectly matched, the delicate coloring and exquisite beauty of these pearls brings joy to every girl who possesses them. The initial necklace may be secured for as low as ten dollars. Additional pearls, attractively mounted on gift cards, are of the same quality and may be secured for two dollars each, or more, depending on their size.

Consult your jeweler.

## THE BABY WHEELERS' CLUB

[Continued from page 117]

"We'd better fix up some rules and go into this thing right," Jim decided.

After much figuring the following rules were adopted and set into a small notebook which was to be carried in Jim's pocket.

### BABY WHEELERS' CLUB

#### Rules

- I. Tend strikly to business.
- II. Be on time after baby is wrapped up. They fuss.
- III. No baby allowed out of ve-hicle.
- IV. Route bounded by Main St.—the Park—4th—Vine.
- V. No feeding.
- VI. Two hours for a quarter.

P.S. Extra for cry babies.  
No relatives.

Five names were signed and copies made for four pockets. It was surprising how many mothers were glad to take advantage of this new club. The babies were happy and there was so much going on that they didn't think of taking a nap. The only struggle was Rule III, but the boys held strictly to it.

Hal was the last to join the ranks and of course the Dobson baby, the only real cry baby in the lot, fell to him. But Hal was game, and anyway he decided it was no worse than carting hat boxes, so he made every effort to cheer the little fellow. One day he amused him with his whistling until the youngster began to try to whistle himself.

One afternoon when they had all congregated in Black Oak Park they saw Huds coming. They started to meet him, wheeling their charges as they went. Jim was in the lead.

"Look at him!" he called back. Huds was grinning with victory. "Twins!" he exclaimed. "New family moved to town. Peachy outfit, isn't it?"

"Swell cover," Slats commented. "Looks like hand done."

"Some size to that coach," Chet observed.

"Cute little kids," said Jim, "but I believe mine's got more pep."

"When it comes to pep, listen to mine," urged Hal, and he whistled

a funny little tune that the baby tried to copy.

"You win," laughed Jim. "But, Huds, how about this thing, how much do you get for a job like this?" Jim brought the rules book out of his pocket.

"Guess it's like the taxi business," said Huds, "extra passengers carried free."

"Nothing doing," Hal objected. "You're taking two chances instead of one that they'll yell."

"It's double duty," Jim agreed.

"Who's kicking?" asked Huds pointedly and moved on with his good-natured passengers.

One Saturday morning a few weeks later the boys got together down in Jim's basement. Each took a turn shaking the wooden starch box and guessing how much was inside. Jim handed a hatchet to Huds.

"At the stroke of eight you chop down," he ordered.

The clock upstairs began to strike the hour. Bang, bang, bang! The box cracked open.

"Looks like a real cabin all right!" Jim shouted.

"Whoopie—I'd say!" sang out Slats.

"Let's sort it out in stacks," Jim proposed. "Those fifties show up pretty nice, don't they? Where'd they come from?"

"Those twins," explained Huds. "Their mother wouldn't have it any other way."

"She's on the square all right," said Hal.

For some little time they were kept busy counting and sorting and piling.

"Looks like \$26.25 to me," said Jim.

"Looks like that to all of us," laughed Slats.

"If we build it of logs we can have all this left for extras," Huds proposed, "roofing, the doors and windows—"

"Just the thing!" beamed Jim.

"A log cabin!" agreed the rest. "All chinked up with mud and clay."

And off they started to build Huddle Inn, the very best little log cabin, up on Sylvan Creek, among the pine trees, where porcupines and chipmunks were their neighbors and an occasional deer paid them a visit.



We suggest -

**California - Colorado -  
Grand Canyon of Arizona -  
The Indian-detour - Mesa  
Verde - Carlsbad Cavern -  
Yosemite and Dude Ranches**

**Santa Fe Xcursions** - daily this summer

Mr. W. J. Black, Pass. Traf. Mgr., Santa Fe System Lines, 943 Railway Exchange, Chicago

Am interested in summer trip to \_\_\_\_\_ Please send me detailed information and folders—California Picture Book, Indian-detour, Grand Canyon Outings.

mail  
this  
coupon

**Cool summer way**

# When food is too dainty then Nature rebels

CHILDREN need bulk or roughage as much as their parents. Many childhood ailments may be traced to delayed elimination.

Nutrition experts at Battle Creek have worked for 50 years on this one problem. Dainty, concentrated foods are responsible for more constipation than any other one thing. So they have prepared appetizing foods that assure plenty of roughage. Bran has been mixed with luscious figs and energized with yeast extract. A delicious all-wheat porridge supplies ample bulk, and crunchy tidbits of ready-to-serve cereals make bran a genuine treat.

SAVITA—Yeast extract rivaling finest meat flavor. PROTOSE—Vegetable meat rich as choice beef. MALTED NUTS—Delicious food drink teaming with health. FIG BRAN—A dainty cereal of bran and luscious figs. "ZO"—Toothsome vitamin cereal everyone enjoys. VITA WHEAT—Appetizing all-wheat 6 minute porridge. BRAN BISCUIT—Crisp, tasty, wholesome bran crackers. LAXA—Crunchy biscuits of bran and agar. LACTO-DEXTRIN—Refreshing anti-toxic colon food. PSYLLA—Seeds that sweep through intestine. PARAMELS—Creamy caramels of mineral oil.



## BATTLE CREEK SANITARIUM HEALTH FOODS for Everybody

### Bran Biscuit and Milk

For between meal snack, let the children have bran biscuit with or without milk. These crisp, tasty wafers put an edge on the appetite. Featured this month at all Health Food Centers.

At the top of the list is Bran Biscuit. These crisp, tasty wafers have a wholesome ruggedness that puts an edge on the appetite. They contain a store of blood-building iron, lime for bones and teeth and growth-stimulating Vitamin B.

At the famous Battle Creek Sanitarium and similar institutions all over the world, Bran Biscuit is a regular part of the menu. Together with the other health foods in the Battle Creek line, Bran Biscuit is sold by your local Health Food Center—usually the leading grocer.

### Free Diet Service

At Battle Creek we maintain a staff of graduate dietitians to advise you on any diet problem. If you will write to Ida Jean Kain, our chief dietitian, she will send you suggestions for your particular diet. "Healthful Living," a most interesting and helpful book, written by a leading nutrition expert, will be sent free if you write your name and address on the margin of this ad and send it to us. It describes with recipes many of the foods used in the Battle Creek Diet System. THE BATTLE CREEK FOOD CO., Department 33, Battle Creek, Mich.

## CAMPS

### ORCHARD HILL

On the beautiful Fox River

The Children's Own Camp

Girls and Boys three to ten

Dr. EDITH B. LOWRY, Director  
Orchard Hill, St. Charles, Illinois



**BRYN AFON**  
12th Season  
Roosevelt, Wisconsin

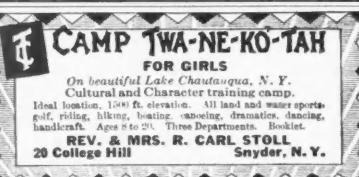
For Girls 7-19. All Land and Water Sports. Kentucky Saddle Horses. Riding taught by West Point Officers. Staff of 40 College Women. Booklet

LOTTA L. BROADBRIDGE  
1001 E. Jefferson Ave. Detroit, Michigan



### CAMP NEECARNIS

The Horseback Camp of Michigan  
Elevation 1,150 ft. On Grand Traverse Big Star  
Lake, Michigan. Pine groves, with  
well-drained site, invigorating air.  
College trained counselors. Nurse. All desirable land  
and water sports. No extra charge for riding. Crafts.  
Modern buildings and equipment. Highest references.  
Selected, limited membership. Season June 27 to  
August 22. Illustrated catalog. Miss Edith C. Holt,  
33 Fitch Place, S. E., Grand Rapids, Michigan.



### OUR SERVICE

The CHILD LIFE Bureau of Education, is assisting a great many parents in the selection of the right Camp or School for their children.

If you are undecided about a Camp or School to which to send your boy or girl, we are sure our Service will be helpful.

Write to:

CHILD LIFE Bureau of Education  
536 S. Clark St. Chicago

## THE UNICORN WITH SILVER SHOES

[Continued from page 108]



**Bran Biscuit and Milk**  
For between meal snack, let the children have bran biscuit with or without milk. These crisp, tasty wafers put an edge on the appetite. Featured this month at all Health Food Centers.

might have gone well if he hadn't overbalanced himself in trying to drive a nail without hitting it! He clutched, my grief, at the Unicorn's long thick tail to steady himself—and there was no strength or substance in that tail! His hand went through it as if it were no more than a wisp of moonshine. And he didn't save himself from falling; he came against the Unicorn's hind quarters and found that he was leaning on nothingness. The Unicorn was crumpling up. He was vanishing like mist. Soon even the shadow of him was not there.

Bahlor's Son sat down with violent and unnecessary sadness.

The Persian Poet turned startled eyes on him, and the rose dropped delicately from his fingers. He made a gesture of farewell. Bahlor's Son clung frantically to the embroidered robe.

"Bring him back," he cried, "bring back the Unicorn!"

But the Persian Poet shook his head, smiling wanly, and Bahlor's Son saw that he too was fading into nothingness. He clutched more strongly at him, but there was no substance to hold to; there was nothing but a voice, echoing out of nowhere:

"Alas, my heart, how thin a stuff our dreams are made of!"

"I hope you're proud of yourself!" cried Flame of Joy, stamping about and dancing with rage. "I hope you're proud of yourself, treating a Unicorn like a common Kyelin or any of the quadrupeds in your own sun-forsaken, moon-forgotten country! I hope you're proud of yourself!"

The Pooka had not moved from his place by the anvil with the firelight flickering on him. He smiled and smiled silently to himself, the way a cat smiles when it doesn't want to hurt the feelings of a big lumbering, stupid-minded human being. Bahlor's Son sat down beside the Pooka and sobbed and sobbed and sobbed. He sobbed unrestrainedly, and after a while he didn't know what he was sobbing for or where he was; and when he stopped sobbing he found himself in his own bed at home with the First Lord-in-Waiting sitting solemnly at the head, and the Second Lord-in-Waiting at the foot. Bahlor's Son sat upright amongst his pillows. He seized his head with both hands as if to keep it from flying into space with the stress of his thinking, and with the stress of his thinking the hair on the top of his head rose in a point.



## CHILD LIFE KITCHEN

[Continued from page 124]

## WHOLE WHEAT MUFFINS

Into the mixing bowl put 1 teaspoonful of salt  
2 tablespoonsfuls of sugar  
 $\frac{1}{3}$  cupful butter, melted (or whichever fat you decide to use). In melting the butter it is not necessary to put it into a pan and heat it. Just measure it carefully and then set it in a warm place till it is soft.

Beat these three ingredients till they are smooth and creamy. Break an egg into a sauce dish and slide it into the mixing bowl. Beat the dough again till the egg is well blended.

Add 1 cupful of milk and stir gently till well mixed.

Sift together 2 cupfuls of whole wheat flour and 4 teaspoonsfuls of baking powder. In sifting this coarse flour some of the bits will be taken out. Dump these bits back into the flour as they are very good. We sifted the flour to mix in the baking powder and we do not wish to lose the bits of the wheat.

Stir in the flour and baking powder and beat the dough till it is smooth. Be quick in beating, as the dough must get into the oven as soon as possible after the baking powder is added.

Drop into the baking dishes by small spoonfuls. Each paper cup or tin ring should be about half full of dough.

Bake in a quick oven (450 degrees) for twenty-five minutes. If your muffins are baked in very small dishes, twenty minutes may be enough. Test by tapping the top. If the crust is a pretty brown and if the top springs back when tapped, the muffins are done.

Muffins baked in tin rings should be turned out onto a wire rack and then arranged on a napkin in a basket, for serving. Muffins baked in paper may be served right in the baking cups or may be removed from the cups and served on a napkin, as are the others. Either method is nice, so make your own choice. But be sure to serve them at once, as muffins are most delicious when piping hot.

Do you remember when you were very small, you used to draw funny pictures from a circle? First, you made a circle; then you added eyes, nose and mouth and maybe a tail, and ears. Or you put on a high hat and a stiff collar, or a clown cap and a ruff. It was fun to see what different pictures could be made with that circle for a start.

This muffin recipe is like your circle; it is the beginning and from it you can make many a different dish. You can add a half cupful of raisins and have raisin muffins; or a cupful of dates (washed, stoned and cut fine) and have date muffins—those are a favorite with many. You may add  $\frac{3}{4}$  cupful of nut meats, broken fine, and double the amount of sugar, and you will have a nice luncheon cake to serve with fruit and cocoa. In fixing up the recipe you add only one of these ingredients each time—not all of them at once, as you might to make your picture! Some day you may use corn meal instead of whole wheat flour and have corn muffins—they are excellent. Chopped figs or peanuts—enough to make a cupful of either—are fine to use, too. You see, you can do a great many things with this one recipe, so learn it well and you will always know something good to bake.

A nice menu for a Sunday Evening Tea includes muffins:

Shrimps with cheese sauce  
Fruit salad, whole wheat muffins  
Milk.

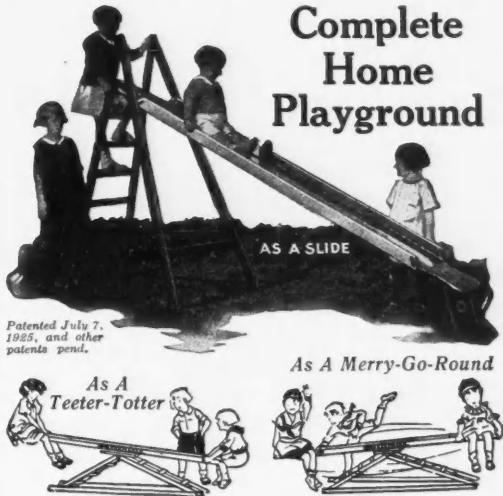
Or try this one, which is more elaborate:

Omelet with chopped ham sauce  
Fruit gelatine salad  
Whole wheat muffins and jam  
Orange pudding with angel cake.  
Tea.

# Children Gain Health In Happy Play on the **MERREMAKER**

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

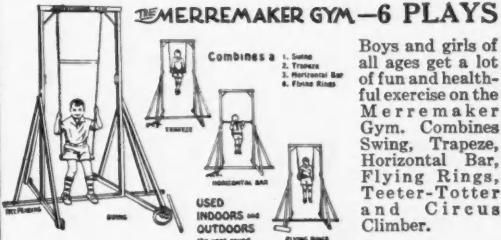
## Complete Home Playground

Patented July 7, 1925, and other  
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As A Merry-Go-Round

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THREE of the greatest plays of childhood are contained in this complete home playground—A slide, teeter-totter and merry-go-round. Keeps children happily contented hour after hour, safe in their own yard, away from the dangers of traffic. They can change the Merremaker from one to the other without help of any kind. Gives them healthful, muscle-building exercise and glorious fun. Used indoors or outdoors, the year 'round.



Boys and girls of all ages get a lot of fun and healthful exercise on the Merremaker Gym. Combines Swing, Trapeze, Horizontal Bar, Flying Rings, Teeter-Totter and Circus Climber.

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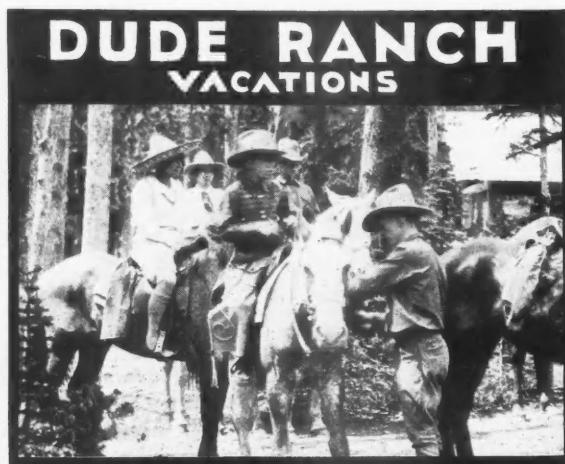
Please send me FREE your New Complete Catalog of Merremaker Home Playground Equipment together with your new LOW prices.

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*Wouldn't YOU  
Like to Know  
Some Cowboys—*

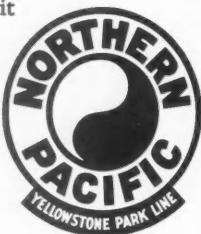
real cowboys who wear spurs and ten gallon hats? You'll meet plenty of them if you go to a Dude Ranch this summer!

Think of the fun you could have on a ranch—outdoors all day! You could ride with the cowboys on a gentle, sure-footed horse—go fishing with your dad in some icy mountain stream—and then eat the fresh little trout cooked brown and crisp over an outdoor fire—yum, yum!

There's plenty of rest, fresh air and healthy fun for everybody at a Dude Ranch in the Rockies! Why don't you send for our free booklet about ranch vacations and show it to your parents? We'll send it to you right away if you'll just clip this coupon, fill it out and mail it now.

**NORTHERN  
PACIFIC  
RAILWAY**

*Route of the  
"North Coast Limited"*



E. E. Nelson, Passenger Traffic Manager  
26 Northern Pacific Building, St. Paul, Minn.  
206  
Dear Mr. Nelson: Please send me your booklet about ranches and resorts of the Rockies.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Street \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

Are you and your folks thinking of going West this summer?  
Yes \_\_\_\_\_ No \_\_\_\_\_ (Check) (✓)

**THE PINK PARROT**

[Continued from page 112]

G. Whiz is away with our private brig, or I'd go searching in that.

[Exit HE HE and HA HA at right.]

CAPTAIN ZIP: Ho, Ho, you'd better help fix the coconut custard and the rest of the refreshments, although we'll have to notify our guests about the lost parrot, and perhaps there won't be any party!

[As Ho Ho leaves at the right the CAPTAIN sits down and tries to read. He gives it up and walks restlessly up and down, with his hands clasped behind him. At last, though, he spies his radio, seats himself, and, adjusting his head-phones, is lost to the world. The stage remains silent for a moment; then TWEEDLES tiptoes in with the fudge pan and starts beating the candy with the spoon.]

TWEEDLES (singing softly to the tune of "London Bridge Is Falling Down"):

Polly, here's some fudge for you,  
Chocolate, too,  
Of rich brown hue;  
It's yummy yum, just for your tum,  
So Polly, come,  
O do!

[He repeats the stanza.]

SHRILL VOICE FROM RADIO: Polly want a fudge. Polly want a fudge.

CAPTAIN ZIP (muttering to himself): Static—static—

TWEEDLES (running over to the radio and lifting its cover or else stooping behind it): Oh Pauline! Poor Polly! Were you shut in there?

[Puts parrot under coat, so that we can only see Polly's pink head—which may be wooden, papery or feathery, for all we know.]

CAPTAIN ZIP (taking off head-phones): Found the parrot? Hurrah! [Blows whistle and all come running in.] Pauline's found. Tweedles found her!

ALL (excitedly): Tweedles!

TWEEDLES (softly): Poor Polly! She was shut up in the radio and went to sleep. I remembered she liked fudge and always tried to come to me when she'd hear me beat it in the pan. That's what woke her up this time.

CAPTAIN ZIP (putting on his head-phones and waving them away): Run along now, and get ready for the party. Tweedles is our honored guest—remember that. Shut up in my radio, was she? No wonder it wasn't working well. [All congratulate the happy TWEEDLES heartily and go off with him at the right, singing]:

Avast! Belay! Heave to! Yo ho!  
We've sailed the Seven Seas, you know,  
But anchored here—with treasure near—  
For all us quirky-perky pirates—O!

CAPTAIN ZIP: Static—static—

CURTAIN



## THE MAD MARCH HARE AND THE FAIRY

[Continued from page 105]

fine time, for they hadn't known they could swim, and they turned somersaults and splashed. They weren't cold because they were almost all fur.

"Come out!" said the Mad March Hare madly. And the pussy willows laughed again and went on swimming.

"Come in!" they said.

"I don't think I can swim!" said the March Hare. Then he heard someone chuckle high up on the bank. He looked around and he thought he saw mother mouse. But it was really the fairy looking like a mouse.

"What did you say," she said, "about not letting people run away?"

"I said you shouldn't let them run away," said the March Hare, feeling embarrassed. "I didn't know what I was talking about. I beg your pardon."

"All right," said the mouse. "That's all I wanted. Here is a willow whistle. Just blow on it, and the pussy willows will run home."

So the March Hare blew the whistle and the pussy willows all scrambled out of the brook and ran home. The March Hare followed them, and sat down all out of breath.

"Well," said the little old lady, appearing suddenly, "here are all my pussy willows safe and sound. It wasn't any trouble was it, taking care of them?"

The March Hare didn't know whether she was laughing at him or not, but she gave him a large chocolate peppermint and he liked that. So he went home to his little house and got all warm and dry. Then he lay down to rest and ate his chocolate peppermint while he listened to the rain drum on the roof. He enjoyed himself very much.

He didn't know that the fairy and the pussy willows were laughing, back in the willows, but he always remembered this one rainy day, and he never again teased people when they were in trouble. He was always very helpful, even when he was most hoppy.



## That rainy day Surprise

IT WAS the rainiest sort of a rainy day.

"What will we do?" asked Jane.

"Make believe!" said June.

And they all knew what that meant! In half a second they were up in the attic and deep in the trunks.

"I'll be the Mother," said Jane—in a red velvet dress with a train.

"I'll be the Daddy," said Jack—and with a tuck in Daddy's trousers, he really did look like Daddy—only smaller.

"And I'll be the guest," said June—in a black hat with a great plume.

And what a time they had! The afternoon fairly flew, till there was Mother, with a tray containing something steaming hot—in grown-up cups!

"Why . . . why . . . Mother!" exclaimed Jane. "What's that? Real tea?"

"Well, it's not exactly tea," said Mother. "It's Postum made with milk, but it is a drink that grown-ups like."

So down they sat and had the most grown-up party in the world.

"Mother, I wish it would rain every day," said all three, in chorus.

"Why," said Mother. "We can have this nice drink any day. That is, if you like it—"

"We do—we love it," they cried. And so—rainy days or sunny days—they have it. And they call it—"Our rainy day surprise."

\* \* \*

MOTHERS: Instant Postum made with milk brings all the body-building nourishment of milk, plus the wholesome elements of the whole wheat and bran. It's a hot drink—and a delicious "grown-up" drink. Every child likes it, even those who dislike plain milk.

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MAIL THE COUPON NOW!

\* P.—C.L. 3-29

POSTUM COMPANY, INCORPORATED, Battle Creek, Michigan.

I want to make a thirty-day test of Postum. Please send me, without cost or obligation, one week's supply of INSTANT POSTUM (prepared instantly in the cup). Please send also the Children's booklet by Carrie Blanchard.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Street \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

Fill in completely—print name and address  
In Canada, address CANADIAN POSTUM CO., LTD.  
812 Metropolitan Blvd., Toronto 2, Ontario.

# Mother, save their teeth



## ***Guard against the menace of dental neglect***

**T**HOSE tiny, white milk-teeth . . . how vital they are to your child's future health!

Neglected first teeth, say dental authorities endanger the soundness of beauty of the permanent set . . . often lead to serious ailments . . . retard growth . . . cause facial distortion.

Hence, proper mouth care is of utmost importance in childhood. And this is the care authorities urge: Take your child to a dentist at least twice a year. And foster the habit of daily cleaning teeth.

Be sure to choose the right dentifrice. Avoid medicated preparations which may upset digestion or bowels; avoid strong antiseptics or harsh abrasives which may injure delicate tissues or enamel.

Use Colgate's. It is recommended by the vast majority of dentists—because it is pure, safe, delicious. It is made to clean teeth thoroughly. It contains no drugs. It is manufactured on a formula suggested by the dental profession and for over a generation has been preferred by the mothers of America for their children.

**FREE: To Mothers—  
This Makes Tooth Brushing a Game!**

To make children eager to brush teeth, Colgate's has made a game of it. The Colgate Clean Teeth Chart records each daily brushing. And a reward is promised to the child who cleans teeth regularly. Parents and educators say this method works wonders—for it appeals to the child's play instinct! Try it. Mail this coupon. We will send you a free chart for each child, and a free trial tube of Colgate's to start on at once.



**COLGATE, Dept. B 1852, 595 Fifth Ave., N. Y. City**  
**Gentlemen: Please send me "Clean Teeth Charts" and free trial supply of**  
**Ribbon Dental Cream for \_\_\_\_\_ children.**

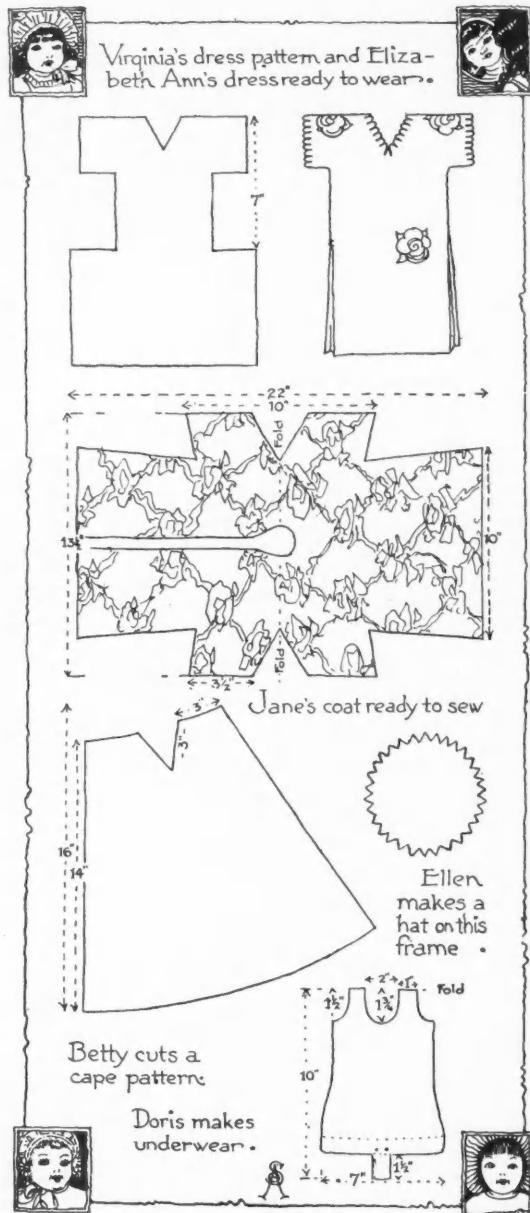
Name \_\_\_\_\_ Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

## C. L. SEWING CIRCLE

*(Continued from page 122)*

eight-inch plate on the stiff cardboard, drawing around it and then cutting thirty-one notches, deep and evenly spaced around the circle. Holding the end of the thread in the center, I'll loop it over one point, then cross, and over a point on the opposite side. Back and forth my thread will go till each notch has a loop and the threads have all crossed



in the center. Starting at this center, I'll weave round and round my web. Twice I'll break the blue thread, and tie on white for a round or two to make a white stripe through the blue hat. When the web is full, all I have to do is to slip the hat off the frame, shape it a bit with my fingers and tie a ribbon that

[Continued on page 137]

## THE MYSTERY OF MIFFLES

[Continued from page 115]

only to command him as "Your Excellency," to be obeyed at once.

Patty and I sat down on the ground and spread our billowy skirts around us, while Jimmy and Miffles played hide-and-seek. The dog would hide behind my back and when Jimmy came to look for him, he would slip over to my cousin and snuggle up behind her, peering over her shoulder in the most comical way to see if he was in any danger of being caught. Making-believe that he was very much perplexed, Jimmy took a magnifying glass from his pocket, and getting down on his hands and knees he searched the ground for footprints. Miffles sneaked up behind him and climbed up on his back. Jimmy, pretending not to know that he was there, slowly straightened up, and the dog cautiously climbed upon his head and sat there.

"Your Excellency, where can you be?" said Jimmy, balancing himself very carefully.

Miffles spread his teeth in a doggy grin and put up his forepaw to his mouth to hide it. "Woof!" he said and seemed to enjoy the joke.

We saved the arithmetic problems for the last. After announcing that we had a very learned dog who often helped us with our lessons, I put him down a few feet away from me and faced him.

"Your Excellency," I asked, "how much are two plus two?"

The dog watched me very carefully. "Woof-woof-woof-woof!" he barked. He stopped when I drew down the left corner of my lips.

"Give me the answer, Your Excellency, to nine divided by three."

"Woof-woof-woof!"

"Now, Your Excellency, please tell me the answer to three times six."

And Miffles barked eighteen times.

The audience simply couldn't understand it. To all appearances, he had answered the questions himself, and they clapped and clapped and we had to come back several times and bow. Even then they weren't satisfied, and Miffles had to do his dance again before they'd let him go. It was a nice feeling to be applauded that way; and to his Excellency's three attendants the circus walls seemed more like some glittering sort of fairyland, instead of just Mr. Carney's vacant lot.

But as we walked out of the circus gates, we also walked out of fairyland, for there stood the stranger who had once owned our pet.

"I'm sorry, kids," he said, "but I'll have to take the dog away again."

Jimmy's freckled face grew pale, and I hugged Miffles closer. "But you *gave* him to us," I protested.

The man took a firm hold of the dog and lifted him right out of my arms. "I'll get you another."

"As though we'd have another pet!" Patty's dark eyes were bright with anger, and she stamped her foot. "You give Miffles right back, sir."

"He's *ours*, Mister," said Jimmy desperately, "and he likes us and maybe he's going to win a prize for us and everything."

"I can make that all right with you." The man thrust a twenty-dollar bill into Jimmy's hand.

"We don't want your old money," cried Jimmy, and tried to thrust it back on him.

But the stranger, with Miffles in his arms, had hurried away and was lost in the crowd.

(To be concluded)

*I find a daily use for*  
**"LEMCO"**



So nourishing and savoury, this pure, concentrated essence of beef, containing its sustaining properties, imparts an appetizing zest to soups, stews, sauces, gravies, fish, meats, vegetables and salads.

When tired, or run down, delicious "Lemco" Bouillon is refreshing and stimulating. Always ready. Just stir one-fourth teaspoon of "Lemco" in a cup of hot water.

For young children "Lemco" with milk is healthful and easily digested, affording sustenance without bulk.

Buy a jar today. Your dealer has "Lemco," or if not, send us his name and we will see that you are supplied.

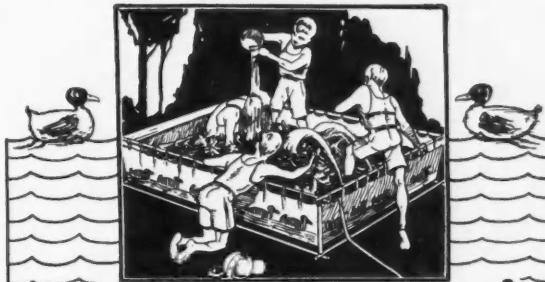
The "New Lemco Recipe Book" containing many helpful suggestions will be mailed free on receipt of coupon.



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**SPLASH!**

Yes your children will be crazy about it this summer—and you will enjoy their antics too

**PUDDLE DUCK POOL**

is a portable canvas tank 5 ft. by 7 ft. by 12" deep. Water sprays from the pipe frame supporting the canvas. Garden hose connections are furnished for both spray and waste. The depth of water can be varied from 2 to 10 inches. Shipped to you in a carton.

*Your Store Should Have It—if Not, We Sell Direct.*

American Wading Pool Co., Wabash Bldg., Pittsburgh, Pa.

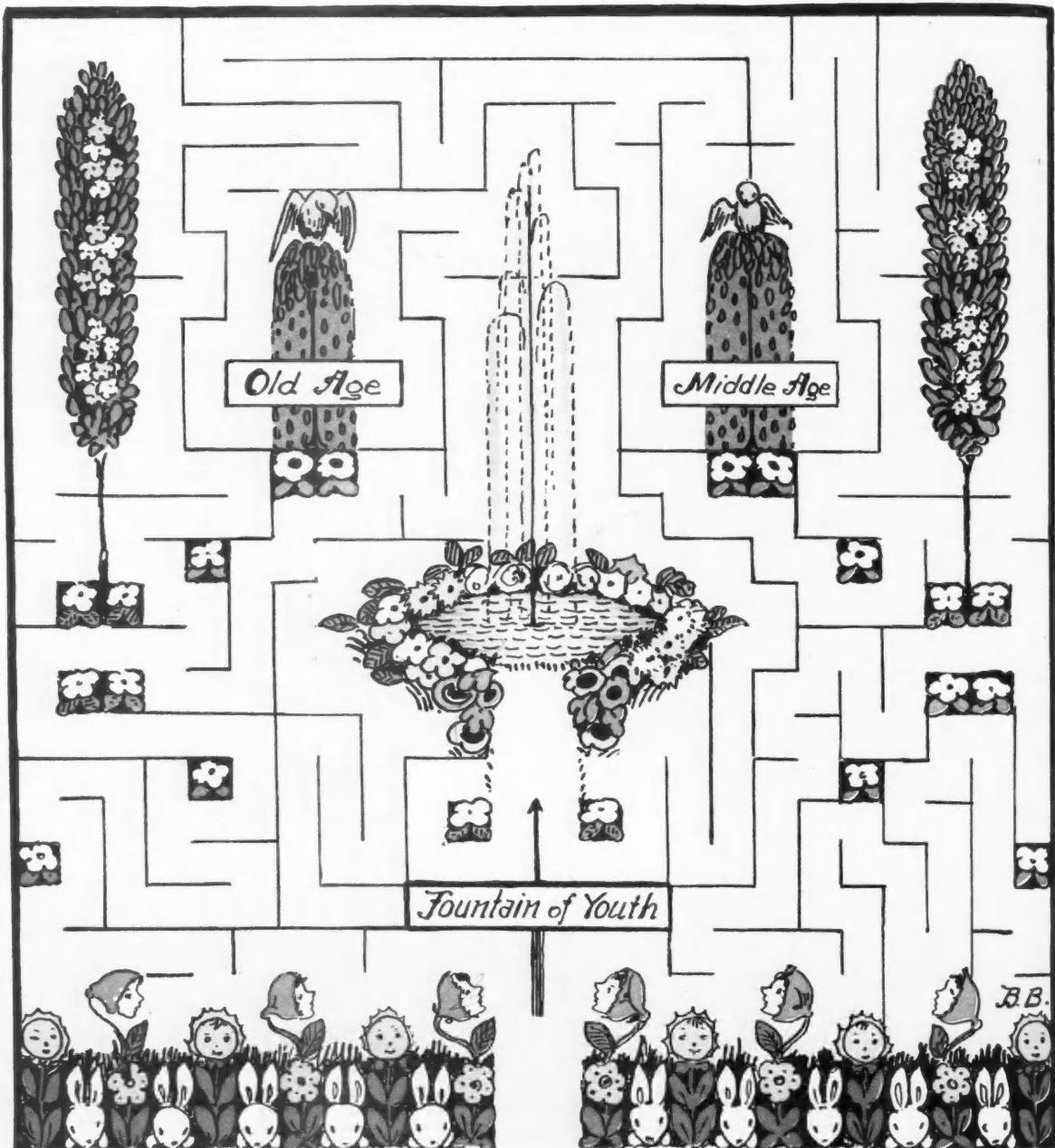
Please send literature relative to PUDDLE DUCK POOL.

Name.....

Address.....

# THE TREASURE HUNT FOR THE FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH

By BERTHA C. BLODGETT



PONCE DE LEON was not a jolly old soul, if we may judge from the fact that he was not content with the prospect of old age or even with the thought of placid middle life. Nothing but youth would satisfy him.

So in that lovely land of Florida, which he himself had discovered, he went a-treasure-hunting for the magic spring which was to make him eternally young. He must have missed the

path, for he never found it.

But we like to make-believe that the Fountain of Youth is still to be found in Florida. You may see it in this picture, and you may be the very one who will discover its secret haunt. Rules of the game: Enter the maze from the outside rim and proceed along the paths, without crossing a line, until you reach the arrow which points the way to the object of your search.

# YOUR DRESS AND DOLLY'S

*Designed by CHIQUÉT. With patterns.*



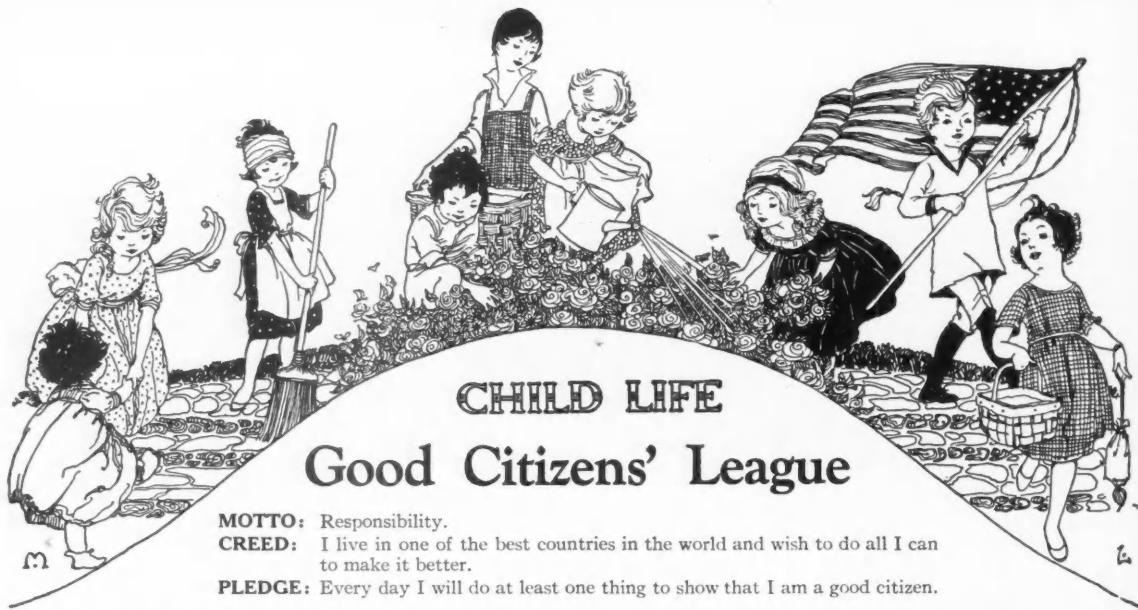
HERE are some little gingham frocks made especially to romp in these blustery March days.

Shirring, pleats, and round Dutch necks, add charm to these serviceable little dresses.

Pattern No: 6213, 5 sizes—1, 2, 3, 4, and 5 years.

Pattern No: 6382, 4 sizes—2, 4, 6, and 8 years.

Pattern No: 6124, 4 sizes—4, 6, 8, and 10 years.



**MOTTO:** Responsibility.

**CREED:** I live in one of the best countries in the world and wish to do all I can to make it better.

**PLEDGE:** Every day I will do at least one thing to show that I am a good citizen.

### TWO GREAT BIRTHDAYS

THE birthdays of two great animal painters, Rosa Bonheur and Sir Edwin Landseer, were observed by the members of the Brocton Good Citizens' League at their meeting the second Saturday of March," read one of the news items in the March copy of the G. C. L. News. "Features of the meeting were an exhibit of pictures of the two artists and a round table discussion of their lives."

It had been Elizabeth's turn to edit the G. C. L. News, the little typed newspaper the league had decided to issue once a month, and Elizabeth liked to use big words. In her article she made that second meeting of the month sound very serious and important, which, of course, it was; but in addition it was one of the jolliest meetings the Brocton branch had ever held.

"The birthday of Sir Edwin Landseer, the great English artist, comes on March 7, and the birthday of Rosa Bonheur, his famous French friend, is on March 16. We might celebrate both their birthdays together on the Saturday that comes in between," Miss Bradley, the counselor, had suggested. "Perhaps there are no great artists more loved by children than these two who loved and painted such great pictures of animals."

The members liked the idea,

### MARCH ACTIVITIES

1. I read about Sir Edwin Landseer, who was born March 7, 1802.
2. I learned the names of several of his pictures.
3. I learned to recognize these pictures when I saw them.
4. I read about Rosa Bonheur, who was born March 16, 1822.
5. I learned the names of several of her pictures.
6. I learned to recognize these pictures when I saw them.
7. I read about Michelangelo, whose birthday comes in March.
8. I learned the name of one of his great pictures.
9. I learned to recognize it when I saw it.
10. I made a list of several great American artists.
11. I learned the names of one picture by each of them.
12. I read the story of the life of one of these artists.
13. I read the story of some other great artist.
14. I made a list of his pictures.
15. I learned to recognize several of these pictures when I saw them.
16. I started to collect prints of my favorite pictures.
17. I added a print to my collection.
18. I made a sketch of a March landscape.
19. I learned what a woodcut is.
20. I learned what an etching is.
21. I learned what a frieze is.
22. I learned what a bas-relief is.
23. I learned what a mural is.
24. I copied these definitions I had learned in a notebook.
25. I modeled a dog (or other pet) in clay.

An Honor Point is awarded for each day one or more good citizenship deeds are recorded. The monthly Honor Roll lists the names of those who earn twenty-five or more points, and there is a prize for members who earn 200 points during eight consecutive months. Although it is desirable to do as many of the good citizenship deeds suggested above as possible, it is not necessary, and any good deed that you record will count. At the beginning of the month, write your name and address at the top of a blank sheet of paper; then each day you can record the date and your deed (or deeds) for that day. Send your March lists in time to reach us by April 5, if you want to see your name on the Honor Roll. If a grown-up counselor is in charge of a branch league, she may send us a list of the members, with the number of Honor Points each one deserves.

especially after Helen suggested that they make a regular party out of the meeting and hold it at her house, reminding them that a copy of Landseer's "The Monarch of the Glen" hung in their dining room. That gave Miriam the idea for the "exhibit"—her father had a print of Rosa Bonheur's "The Horse Fair" which she was sure he would loan them for the afternoon. David had a book about Sir Edwin Landseer, illustrated with reproductions of a number of his pictures, which he could bring for the others to see, and Miss Bradley offered to loan them her collection of tiny prints of Rosa Bonheur's paintings.

The "round table discussion" which Elizabeth mentioned in her newspaper story took place while they were having their cocoa and cookies in Helen's dining room, each member telling some interesting fact or anecdote about one of the artists whose birthdays they were celebrating.

"Both artists had their first lessons in drawing from their fathers, who were artists, too," said Elizabeth.

"Edwin Landseer had two pictures hung in the Royal Academy in London, when he was only thirteen," said Bill.

"When Rosa Bonheur was painting 'The Horse Fair,'" said Miriam, "she would spend whole days in

the horse market, studying the horses. She always studied the animals she painted very carefully, and I guess that's why they look so real. She even called the wild animals her friends."

"Sir Edwin Landseer was called the 'Shakespeare of dogs' because he understood them so well," said Harvey. "He visited Sir Walter Scott at Abbotsford once, and while he was there he painted that picture of a deer called 'The King of the Forest.'"

The discussion outlasted the cookies, and when they were ready to leave, they were agreeably surprised to receive as a favor one of the tiny reproductions of Rosa Bonheur's paintings which Miss Bradley had furnished.

To their last March meeting each member took a copy of his favorite picture by some other painter and had a brief story to tell about the artist. "Our branch league never had a nicer month than this," said Miriam when it was over.

"That is because we have gone just one step forward in learning to appreciate art," said Miss Bradley, "and we are coming to realize that beauty is a necessary part of any Good Citizen's life."

#### League Membership

Any boy or girl who is a reader of CHILD LIFE may become a member of the league and, upon application, giving his name, age, and address, will receive a membership pin. We shall be glad to help you start a branch league among your friends or among the pupils in your room at school and shall mail you a handbook and pins for the boys and girls whose names, ages, and addresses you send us.

Address all inquiries to Frances Cavanah, manager, CHILD LIFE Good Citizens' League, 536 S. Clark Street, Chicago, Illinois.

(*Honor Roll Continued on page 144*)



#### C. L. SEWING CIRCLE

(Continued from page 132)

I run through about halfway from the center, so the hat will fit Sally's head."

"Lovely!" exclaimed Virginia. "Now I am going to make a dress for Elizabeth Ann. It's going to be blue silk. I'll make my pattern and cut the dress by that. The extra fullness at the side—see?—is for a stylish, inverted, box plait. I can lay that after I have seamed the sides and hemmed the bottom. I'll roll the hem on the sleeves and neck and buttonhole over the roll with thread to match—or contrast. I'm going to give the dress a different touch, too. I'll applique flowers cut from cretonne on the left side for a pocket and on the sleeves. I'll baste the flowers first, then sew them on by buttonholing."

The minute Virginia had told them her plans, they all set to work. Suddenly Jane spoke.

"I have an idea!" she exclaimed. "When we have finished all these clothes, let's have a real fashion show of our own!"

This delightful idea made them work harder than ever. So no wonder that the fashion show turned out to be a great success!

#### Journeys to Advertising Land

(Continued from page 98)

and carefully watched while it sprouted and the enzymes were growing. "These enzymes have the power to change starch to malt sugar, thus giving rise to the expression 'malted,'" he continued. "Then the grain is 'cured' over the hard-coal fires that warm it enough to drive the moisture away and stop the roots from growing, without hurting the enzymes. After this process it is stored away in another large building until it is removed and ground for use in the mash." Robert, of course, wanted to know what the mash was.

"The mash is a mixture of ground wheat and barley malt," said the smiling Mr. Wheat, and he showed the children the great copper cookers in which the mash is prepared at night, and explained how it is cooked gently with steam until the enzymes of the barley malt have changed the starches to sugar—"thus saving your 'tummies' the trouble. You get delicious taste, food value, (in the carbohydrates, proteins, minerals, and vitamins which the grain and milk contain) and an easy job for your 'tummies'!" He snapped his fingers and made a "that's that" face.

"But how about the milk?" asked Robert, chuckling at his antics.

"That's just what I was going to show you," said Mr. Milk. He took them to a trim, three-story brick building in which a number of white-uniformed men were at work. Ruth and Robert could see that they were busy receiving and caring for cans of milk from the long line of motor trucks and dairy wagons that came winding in the brick-paved driveway. Some emptied the cans into scales that weighed it and registered the weight on strips of paper. Others were sampling and inspecting the milk. "These samples all go up to the laboratories on the third floor where chemists examine it for purity and measure its butter fat," Mr. Milk explained. "No milk is ever accepted until it has passed a very rigid examination," he said, as he led them to the second floor where the milk is placed in great porcelain-lined vats, awaiting the order for it to go by an underground pipe system to the three plants where production continued.

"Why do you have red glass windows in this room, Mr. Milk?" asked Ruth.

"They keep out the injurious sun rays," said their guide. "From here the milk goes to join the mash in the cookers and then the material flows into the vacuum pans which we are going to see now. In these pans the mash and the milk are dried. Air is pumped away so the boiling can go on at low temperature and not hurt the material." From the Pan Room he showed them how the malted milk is prepared for the Bottling Room and how the bottles are cleaned, filled, labeled, and packed by machinery so that nobody ever touches it. "After being hermetically sealed and packed in cartons, it is sent off to children like you, and others who need building up more than you seem to," he said, pinching Ruth's cheek.

"We have Horlick's every afternoon after school, so that's why we look pretty healthy," said Ruth seriously. "What makes you look healthy," boomed a loud voice. The children opened their eyes. They were back in the buggy on Grand-dad's farm and there he was at the window.

"Horlick's Malted Milk," said Ruth drowsily, "and I'd like some right now!"

**Ceresota Flour**



**BULLETIN:**

*Pure Wholesome  
Not Bleached  
tells the story  
in four words  
of the success  
of Ceresota  
Flour.  
It goes farther  
too. Try it*

AT YOUR GROCER OR WRITE

The Northwestern Consolidated Milling Company  
Minneapolis, Minn.

**COUPON**

**Painting Book for the Kiddies—10c**

Big, beautiful 6x8—18 pages—12 magnificently colored pictures—12 painting charts—complete instructions to young artists—set of beautiful Japanese water colors—wonderfully interesting fairy story—cover in many colors and gold. Sent postage prepaid.

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## JOY GIVERS' CLUB

### MARCH

The lamb is in, but lion's gone out,  
That spring is here we have no doubt.  
Heigh-ho for March,  
Heigh-ho for March,  
King Winter's been defeated,  
On her throne sweet Spring is seated.  
Heigh-ho for March,  
Heigh-ho for March!

JANE BARTLETT,  
Akron, Ohio.



MIRIAM LAKIN

Dear Miss Waldo:

I am sending you a picture of me and my pet lamb. His name was Billy. He is sold now. He followed me to school one day. I have a dog and his name is Fox. We have a black cat, too.

MIRIAM LAKIN,  
Age 11. Colfax, Wash.

My dear "Child Life" Readers:

Thank you all so much for the nice letters you sent me. I should love to answer each one separately as I began when the first ones came, but as each mail brought five or six new ones, I found I could not keep up with my lessons, too.

Now I had better answer some of your questions. We do not live in mud houses, but in lovely stone ones. We are Americans, although we live here. We go to school, but I can't tell you in what grade I am because we don't have grades. We have good schools, both American and English. Just now I am taking reading, dictation, arithmetic, geography, history, algebra, botany, gym, French, music, singing, piano, hygiene, fancy work, drawing and modeling. Our school is about three miles away at the south end of the city and we are at the north, so we go to school in our car.

We have cold winters here, and sometimes it snows and freezes. We dress just like you do in the U. S. A., not in the costumes we had our picture taken in. We only dressed up to show you how the Arab peasants dress here. Some children that wrote asked me who I am in the group. I am the one in white, pouring out the Turkish coffee. The others are my little brothers. I have just celebrated my eleventh birthday, and Mama invited many friends, and we had a jolly time. I got a lovely bicycle and seven books and tons of chocolates and many other things.

DOROTHY YANTISS.  
Jerusalem, Palestine

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SOX FOR TOTS  
SPORTS HOSE AND BOOTIES  
FOR OLDER BOYS AND GIRLS

Dear Miss Waldo:

I am writing to thank the many boys and girls that have written to me. They all wrote to me in France where I have been for two years. Some thought I lived there, so I will tell them that I don't. The first winter we spent in Paris where I went to an American school. Then we took a trip through France. The next winter we spent on the Riviera, at Cannes, where I went to a French school. In France you go to school on Saturday and not on Thursday. We then took a trip through Italy. Every Christmas vacation we went to St. Moritz, Switzerland, for the winter sports. We had lots of fun.

A year before, we lived in California and we took a trip up through the Redwood forest into Canada. Another time we went through Yosemite National Park. It was lots of fun to motor through the big tree. Then we went through the Panama Canal on the S. S. "Colombia." As this boat stops at quite a few towns on the way, it was fun. We stopped at Mexico, Guatemala, Salvador, Panama, and Cuba. Sometimes we would have to get off the boat in baskets swung on cranes, as there was no dock. One time in Guatemala we got off at Champerico and took the train to Retalhuleu. We were the first white people to go over this railroad. We spent the night there, getting on the boat at the next place it stopped. Now we are living in Greenwich, Conn. I am in third grade at Edgewood School.

Sincerely,

BUDDY RODIGER,  
Greenwich, Conn.  
Age 8.

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NANCY MacGREGOR

My dear Miss Waldo:

I read November's "Child Life" over twice. I like it very much, especially the plays and pageants and "Hilltop Castle."

I have a little brother I have to read my magazine to. He likes "Chip's Chums" the best.

I have fishes for my pets, and a donkey. My donkey's name is Gypsy. He is very gentle. He can shake hands. My fishes' names are Pinkey, Slingy (because he always takes most of the food), Brinky, and Turnip. We went to New York, and it seems to be mostly town. It is a very big city. We went to a zoo that is a very nice place. I liked the monkeys the best. They ate out of my hands.

Your loving reader,

NANCY MACGREGOR,  
Shaker Heights, Ohio.  
Age 10 1/2.



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Youthful feet never travel faster than on Rollfast Roller Skates. Give your child a pair. Then you'll see pure joy; for Rollfasts are the speediest, safest roller skates built today.

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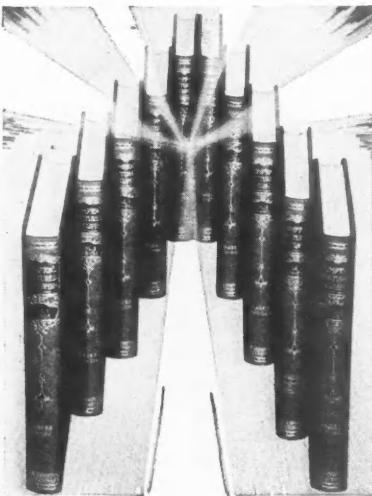
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Please check the ages of your children so we can send sample pages most interesting to them.

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### HIS BEST

"Hey, Bob, did you hear the news?"

"No, what's up?"

Jimmy Land paused for breath as he ran up to his chum, Bob Terry. Then he continued, "You see, Edgetown challenged our fifth grade baseball team to play."

"When?" asked Bob eagerly.

"To-morrow afternoon," replied Jimmy. "Lad Kent is the pitcher and he has to go out of town and can't play."

"Ow," groaned Bob. "We're lost then."

"Captain Jones said you should beat it over to the fields," said Jimmy. "You're going to take Lad's place."

"I'll try," answered Bob. "But I know that Lad would win the game. He's a great pitcher."

The two chums walked over to the baseball field where the boys were gathered. Tip Jones, the captain, went up to Bob.

"You'll have to take Lad Kent's place," he said. "I know it's pretty short notice."

The day of the game broke forth bright and clear. The Bronville diamond, where the grades held their sports, was surrounded by big wooden bleachers. And the bleachers were covered.

Mr. and Mrs. Terry were there, keeping one eye on Bob who was on the field. Captain Jones was instructing him, for though Bob was a good ball player, he had never really pitched.

Someone yelled, "Play ball!" This seemed to have effect on the boys. They ran to their places and in a minute were ready.

The Edgetown team were up first. And before they were out they had made two scores.

Leady Turner was caught on second base, and then it was Bob's turn to bat. If he was not skilled in pitching, he certainly was in this. He made one strike and sent the ball flying towards right fielder. The fellow fumbled and before he could regain the ball and send it to second, Bob reached the third bag.

Bronville cheered and roared at this and Bill Burns made first, letting Bob reach home.

The next batter struck, fanned, and Darb Sturdly was put out on second.

It was nearing the end of the ninth inning and the score board read:

Bronville—11  
Edgetown—10

Edgetown was up to bat. It lay to Bob to keep them from making another score. He took his position in the pitcher's box and sent up a tantalizing, slow ball. The batter struck, but flung too soon and fell. A roar greeted this.

The boy was now expecting a slow one but instead Bob sent a swift curve.

"Strike two!" bawled the umpire.

Bronville was on its feet now. A sudden hush had fallen. Eyes were fixed on Bob.

The boy threw another fast one and, due to the nervousness, the batter missed.

"Strike three!" cried the umpire. "Bronville wins!"

A swirling mass of people bore Bob to the judges' stand. He was dirty and mussed but there was never a happier boy. Doctor Lee himself laid the cup in Bob's hand, while the crowd yelled, "Speech!"

Bob made a short, modest speech and when he could break away went up to Tip Jones.

"Gee, Bob," exclaimed the captain, shaking the other's hand warmly. "You won the game for us and from now on you're going to be our pitcher."

"I did my best," replied Bob.

BETTY SEBENTHALL,  
Mount Horeb, Wis.

Age 11.

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Girls and Grownups



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Dear Miss Waldo:

I live in Hollywood, Calif., and I have taken "Child Life" for two years and I like it very much.

I play the part of Mary Jane in the Buster Brown Comedies. Between scenes at the studio I read my magazine. I don't know what I'd do without it. I have finished part one of the story in the December issue, "The Mystery of Miffles." It seems very interesting. I am enclosing a snapshot of myself. I would be glad to hear from anyone who would care to write.

Sincerely,

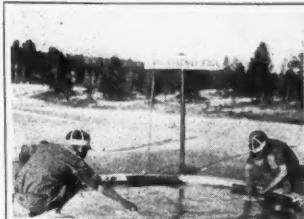
LOIS HARDWICK,  
Hollywood, Calif.

LOIS HARDWICK

## THE RAINBOW

Once I saw a rainbow floating in the sky,  
Then I wanted wings so I could fly.  
I watched it for a long time  
And I thought it was very fine.  
Then to my sorrow it went away.  
It looked as if it were saying,  
"I'll come some other day."

JAMES L. DUNN,  
Age 7. Cumberland Center, Maine.



DONALD AND MARY STANFORD

## Dear "Child Life":

One summer, when I was about eight years old, I drove with my mother and father from Rowe, Mass., to Stockton, Calif. On the way we came through Yellowstone National Park. One of the most interesting things I saw there was Handkerchief Pool. The water is boiling hot, and when you put a handkerchief in, it goes down a hole and comes back clean. You can't take the handkerchief out with your hand, because the water is too hot, so you use a long iron pole. When we were there, my brother and I put a handkerchief in, and it came out clean. I am inclosing a picture of my brother, Donald, and me at Handkerchief Pool.

MARY L. STANFORD,  
Age 11. Stockton, Calif.



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## TANNEE

The first time I saw him he was sitting on a snowball bush, a tiny bit of vivid red and black against the white blossoms. After that it was not difficult to follow his course, as he flew through the trees, for he is such a brilliant bird and the only scarlet tanager in the neighborhood. On Memorial Day he became sufficiently friendly to try a bath in our birdbath, but the big surprise came later.

One morning, shortly afterward, this little fellow paid us a visit, all dressed up in his coat of scarlet feathers with shiny black wings. He did not come, as most visitors do, to the front door, but came and sat on the window sill. What a precious visitor! One must step so carefully so as not to frighten him, even though the windowpane separated him from us. But was our little scarlet tanager scared? Well, I guess not! He followed us upstairs, or rather when we came into the bedroom, there he was at the window, and when we went to lunch the cute little thing followed us to the dining room window.

We named him Tannee. He was so small and loving and pitiful.

Tannee spent most of his time either sitting forlornly on the sill or else beating against the pane, trying with all his little might to get in. His bright, beady eyes would scan the room as if he would give almost anything if he could only enter the forbidden place.

We learned that the scarlet tanager's home was in the tropics and that very few of them ever visited this country, but a man, who is an authority on birds, suggested that it might be a pet which had escaped.

Now because he was so little and friendless and stayed with us so much, and then, too, because he opened his little mouth as though to say something, we thought he must be hungry. First, we sprinkled nice bread crumbs on the upper deck, just below the window sill, but Mr. Tannee would not touch them. Then we fixed a cute little tin plate with bird seed, but that naughty little birdie hopped right over the dish, cocked his head at us, and absolutely refused to eat.

My, how he did, and still does for that matter, love us to come to the window and talk to him or rub our fingers up and down the pane. When the weather grew warm enough to keep the window open, we wondered if he would go away, but no indeed—there Tannee was as usual. Though he would not beat against the screens as he had against the glass, he still sat in his customary corner of the sill.

Then one day a beautiful thing happened. Tannee began to sing! And, like all people who have just discovered some hidden talent or who perhaps have some great joy, he kept it up incessantly. Chirp-chee, Chirp-chee. But such a pleasant little song to hear!

One day Tannee was busy. He did not sit on the sill as much as usual, but flew back and forth in an excited manner. His little throat nearly burst with the golden notes that it poured forth. His beautiful song echoed and re-echoed through the leafy trees. That evening the reason became apparent.

Far out on the sturdy branch of the maple tree, safe from the reach of cats and squirrels, was a little brown nest. In that nest was the reason, a dear little olive-colored mate with a yellowish breast, and, too, something else that moved and fluttered. The mate flew off for a few minutes and Tannee flew up and fed his baby. All our conclusions were wrong. Tannee is a small but very self-important father. He is so extremely puffed up with pride.

Tannee still comes to see us, but his lengthy visits have turned to short formal calls. He sings a little song and is off, a

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Send 10 cents now for this new book and be ready next time with a party full of clever new surprises. And why not let us send you at the same time *The Party Magazine*, *The Party Book*, filled with plans for parties all year round, or some of the other books on entertaining listed below. Just check what you want in the coupon and enclose proper amount to cover all.

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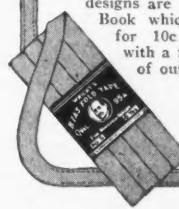
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Scott &amp; Bowne, Bloomfield, N. J.

scarlet streak through the trees. One evening a little cheep-cheep was heard and in a few minutes we saw, clinging to a twig of the hedge, a round feathery ball. Overhead flew a fond father in a scarlet coat, and hovering round the tiny ball was a little mother. The mother would come and go, bringing food to her baby and trying to show it how to use its tiny wings. When the mother came near, that bunch of soft feathers grew so excited that it almost fluttered off the twig. It cheeped to her and stretched its wings toward her, in much the same way as a human baby wanting to go to his mother.

As night drew on the little bird crept inside the hedge and went to sleep. The father and mother ceased flying around, and it soon became apparent that the baby had been left to spend the night there. We were worried over the fact that it was alone so near the ground, but the next morning, there he was, safe and sound on the opposite hedge. Now he can flutter from bush to bush and fly low to the ground, but always overhead there is a flash of red and a streak of olive that seem to say, "Don't you dare to touch our baby." Tanee and his mate are keeping watch.

MAUD W. GALLOU,  
Baltimore, Md.

**Notice to Joy Givers**

**CONTRIBUTIONS** intended for the Joy Givers' department of the June issue of "Child Life" will be received in this office up to and not later than March 30. Stories from 250 to 400 words in length and poems suitable for this issue are desired, as well as letters about interesting places you have visited, unusual things that you have done, interesting pets, etc.—these to be accompanied, if you wish, by your photograph. The best of these contributions will be selected and published; but even in cases where we cannot print your stories and poems and letters because of lack of space, we are always glad to hear from you.



GLENN CORNWELL

Dear Miss Waldo:

My mother, father and I went to Wyoming on our vacation this summer. We visited my cousin, Robert, who lives on a big cattle ranch. He has two Shetland ponies named Dixie and Trixie. I rode eight miles one day on Dixie. I am sending you Robert's and my picture taken on Dixie. Robert is behind me on the pony.

Your friend,

GLENN CORNWELL,  
Glendale, Calif.

Age 7½.

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March Winds Blow!**

**Keep them happily  
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I remain your friend,

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Yours truly,  
MARGARET ANN KENT,  
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**Honor Roll for December**

The following members earned twenty-five or more honor points during the month of December:

Joshua Anderson  
Fred Ayesh  
Margaret Babbitt  
Gerald Barker  
Ruth E. Bartholomew  
Wilma M. Basket  
Nickolas Bayairth  
George Bell  
Helen Brown  
Ruth A. Brown  
Frances Bullock  
Marjorie Bunting  
Helen L. Burkett  
Gladys Burress  
Laura Carl  
Robbie Cassity  
Inez Clark  
Horace Clevenger  
Marcia Clevenger  
Flora Cunningham  
Levetta De Water  
Stuart Disch  
Elva Ebberts  
Ethel Elwell  
Jean Farrington  
Dorothy Finkelstein  
Herbert Gant  
Stephen Gardner  
Olive Garvin  
Beatrice Greer  
Hills F. Hall  
Billy Halsey  
Kenneth Hartwick  
Kathlyn Heiman  
Ruth Hershman  
Mildred Holstad  
Doris Horton  
Donald Johnson  
Mabel Johnson  
Billy Jones  
Kathleen Jones  
Thomas Joyner  
Viola Kanis  
Lorraine King  
Otis King  
Felix Koeckel  
Ruth Kuethen  
Edna Lake  
Janita Lawson  
Verna Learn  
Acalia Levey  
Edith Lee  
Carroll Love  
Marion McKinstry  
Clarence Metts  
Walter Metts  
George H. Moore

Ivan Nash  
Ralph Nelson  
Ruth Nett  
Ernestine Nichols  
Marjory Norum  
Naomi Onyon  
Cherrie Ostot  
June Pacey  
Stella Petuski  
Dale Poetet  
Gale Poetet  
Pauline Radway  
Joe Rausch  
Dorothy Ray  
Mildred Ray  
Dee Redmond  
Lucile Remaklus  
Edith Rhoden  
Howard Rice  
Leonard J. Rosenbaum  
Marguerite Rosenbaum  
Virginia Sanderson  
Kenneth Schuelke  
John W. Screws  
Harold Seeger  
Marjorie Shatto  
Dorothy Shields  
Everett Siedschlag  
Anna Smith  
Elsie Smith  
Howard Snyder  
Roy Sprague  
William E. Stolte  
Clare E. Strain  
Dimple Strange  
Eleanor Switzer  
Marjorie Terry  
Kenneth Togue  
Kathryn Tucker  
Frances Turner  
Leonard Vensel  
Neva Wade  
Vera Wade  
Veima Wagner  
Russell Warner  
Myrtle Weber  
Charles Welkie  
Irene White  
Obera Whorton  
Jacqueline Wilder  
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Marjorie Wilson  
Sigridte Winger  
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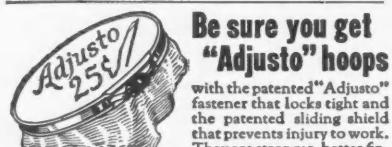
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